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ELM LEAVES

A

COLLECTION OF VERSES

FROM

YALE UNDERGRADUATE PUBLICATIONS

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

H. S. DURAND AND ERNEST WHITNEY

NEW HAVEN

1881

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PREFACE.

THIS collection of verses, compiled from the *Yale Literary Magazine*, *Yale Record*, and *Yale Courant*, has been prompted by the belief that it would prove an acceptable addition to the memorabilia of Yale men.

The pieces were, without exception, as far as we can learn, written by undergraduates of this college.

When it has been possible the author's name has been given, but owing to the absence of indexes to most of the volumes of the periodicals drawn upon this could not be done in all cases.

For the design on the cover we are indebted to Mr. E. H. Barbour, '82.

H. S. D.
E. W.

YALE COLLEGE, June, 1881.

CONTENTS.

PART I.—MISCELLANEOUS.

	Page
A Panel Picture,	<i>Record</i> , 21
An Afternoon of Tennyson,	<i>Lit.</i> , 23
A Sea Tale,	<i>Lit.</i> , 24
A Token,	<i>Lit.</i> , 26
And the Summer Wind was Blowing,	<i>Record</i> , 28
A Recollection,	<i>Record</i> , 32
A Summer Song,	<i>Record</i> , 37
A Memory of Lake George,	<i>Record</i> , 38
A Song,	<i>Lit.</i> , 40
At Lotos Camp,	<i>Record</i> , 46
Album Lines,	<i>Record</i> , 69
A Portrait,	<i>Courant</i> , 70
A Summer Storm,	<i>Lit.</i> , 71
A Lost Poem,	<i>Lit.</i> , 74
A Dead Faith,	<i>Lit.</i> , 76
Ad Illam,	<i>Lit.</i> , 78
At the Shore,	<i>Lit.</i> , 86
At Twilight,	<i>Lit.</i> , 92
A Toast,	<i>Lit.</i> , 93
A Memory,	<i>Courant</i> , 108
A Pen of Steel,	<i>Lit.</i> , 134
Between Years,	<i>Lit.</i> , 25
Bonny Doon,	<i>Record</i> , 65
Barkis is Willin',	<i>Lit.</i> , 118
Boat Song,	<i>Lit.</i> , 144
Cascade Brook,	<i>Lit.</i> , 73
Christmas Candy,	<i>Courant</i> , 120
Daisy,	<i>Record</i> , 39
Evening and Morning,	<i>Lit.</i> , 9
Fair Was the Maid,	<i>Record</i> , 30
Farewell Ode,	<i>Lit.</i> , 150
Golden Hair,	<i>Lit.</i> , 48

	Page
Gertrude O' The Vale,	81
God Guard the Lilies,	141
In Autumn Time,	22
Into the Light,	62
In the Valley,	94
Insomnia,	116
I Wait for Thee,	125
Je Länger Je Lieber,	53
June and December,	82
Jeanne D'Arc,	101
Language of the Rose,	41
Lake Saltonstall,	83
Lotus Eating,	107
Madelina,	58
Matin Song,	72
May Dawn,	80
May Whispers,	131
On a Portrait,	57
Only One Killed,	90
Ode to Pastoral Romance,	136
Parting,	64
Roses and Lilies,	56
South Middle,	68
Smoking Song,	148
Transformation,	33
To the River Housatonic,	34
To the Catskills,	42
The Fairies,	44
To Longfellow,	47
The Whaler's Return,	50
The Power of Beauty,	52
The Elf King,	54
Two Sonnets,	60
Thy Mercy,	89
The Skaters,	98
The Ivy and Myrtle,	105
The Old Boy,	110
The Unsaid,	112
The Answer,	113
The Youngling Year,	124
The Old School House,	126
The Palm,	128
The Scholar's Mate,	146
Vacation,	66
Who Can Tell?	77
Waiting the Turn,	84

PART II.—HUMOROUS.

		Page
An Idle,	<i>Record,</i>	155
A Vacation Reminiscence,	<i>Record,</i>	162
At the Reception,	<i>Record,</i>	185
A Coincidence,	<i>Record,</i>	188
Around the Fire,	<i>Courant,</i>	198
A Fish Story,	<i>Courant,</i>	216
A Dream,	<i>Lit.,</i>	228
Appraisals,	<i>Courant,</i>	237
Castles in the Air,	<i>Record,</i>	156
Caught,	<i>Record,</i>	183
Cupid,	<i>Lit.,</i>	202
Disappointment,	<i>Record,</i>	182
Dropped,	<i>Lit.,</i>	218
Fumes,	<i>Courant,</i>	158
Fragments,	<i>Lit. and Record,</i>	180
Faculty March,	<i>Lit.,</i>	196
How Tim Carroll Did the Devil,	<i>Lit.,</i>	246
Invocation,	<i>Record,</i>	160
My Chum,	<i>Record,</i>	166
My Indian Pipe,	<i>Record,</i>	170
Mathematical Love Song,	<i>Lit.,</i>	255
Nursery Rhymes,	<i>Record,</i>	172
Old English MS.,	<i>Courant,</i>	232
Objurgation,	<i>Record,</i>	184
Recipe for Chemical Lecture,	<i>Lit.,</i>	244
Sandwiches,	<i>Record,</i>	164
Sir John's Adventure,	<i>Lit.,</i>	190
Satire of Juvenile,	<i>Lit.,</i>	223
Symptoms,	<i>Lit.,</i>	234
The Troubled Junior,	<i>Record,</i>	159
The Song of the Sophomore,	<i>Courant,</i>	161
The Freshman's Walk,	<i>Record,</i>	168
The Old Chapel,	<i>Yale Almanac,</i>	192
The News at Rome,	<i>Lit.,</i>	195
The Anthem,	<i>Courant,</i>	200
Two Moons,	<i>Lit.,</i>	213
The Heathen Passeur,	<i>Yale Almanac,</i>	220
The Sweep's Defense,	<i>Lit.,</i>	231
The College Ghost,	<i>Lit.,</i>	240
Yaleversicium,	<i>Courant,</i>	167
Ye Pale Student,	<i>Record,</i>	186
Ye Laye of ye Woodpeckore,	<i>Courant,</i>	209

MISCELLANEOUS.

EVENING AND MORNING.

BY H. S. DURAND, '81.

The day was drawing near its close ;
The sun's departing glory lay
Across the meadows, whence arose
The perfume of the new-mown hay.
It was the hour when Nature seems
To revel in fantastic dreams ;
When glows the west in gold and red,
And in the soft sky over-head
The evening star a diamond gleams ;
And silence reigns, save when is heard
The tinkling of the cattle bells,
Within the shady, mossy dells,
Or else some mellow-throated bird
Pours forth, in liquid melody,
His evening lay, within the wood,
His heart o'er-bubbling in that flood
Of song he sings so merrily.

The rakers of the fragrant hay,
Their rakes upon their shoulders thrown,
Were slowly wending home their way
Across the meadows newly mown.

It was the hour to cease from toil ;
 All Nature seemed in sweet repose ;
 The bee forsook the scented rose
 And hied her hive-ward with her spoil.
 Along the hay-strewn meadow's edge
 There came a line of lowing cows,
 Some nibbling now and then the sedge,
 Some stopping here and there to browse
 A mouthful from the scattered hedge.
 Behind them walked a slender maid ;
 Her brown hair, in a single braid,
 Was coiled about her pretty head ;
 Her lips were, as the cherry, red.
 Her hat was off and from her hand
 It dangled by its crimson band ;
 And as the maiden tripped along
 She sweetly sang a snatch of song.
 She was the fairest thing, I ween,
 In all that golden sunset scene ;
 The cattle knew her voice so sweet,
 And when she called them from afar,
 They all would come with willing feet,
 And wait till she let down the bar.

Beyond the meadows, on a hill,
 Beneath which ran a laughing rill,
 The farm-house stood, and by its side
 An oak tree towered in all its pride ;
 Upon its trunk the mosses grew,
 And o'er the gambrel roof it threw
 A huge limb, like some giant's arm,
 As though 't would shield the house from harm.

Upon the porch, with vines o'errun,
 An old man sat ; his silver hair
 Moved gently in the evening air ;
 He seemed to watch the setting sun
 Sink slowly in the gorgeous West.
 Perhaps he thought of that behest
 Which soon would summon him away ;
 For evening shadows must be nigh
 To one who, years ago, passed by
 The morn and noon of life's brief day.
 Perhaps he thought of her, who trod
 With him this earthly vale of tears,
 But who, beneath the church-yard sod,
 Had lain asleep these many years.
 Perhaps young manhood's happy hours
 Came back like some forgotten dream ;
 And through his mind a whirling stream
 Of recollections of the past
 Went by like leaves before the blast.
 For thus it is that memory towers
 Above the body's wreck and waste,
 And to the senses wafts a taste
 Of incense from our faded flowers.

But suddenly the old man's eyes
 Lost all their vague, abstracted look,
 As, from the glowing evening skies,
 He glanced down at the crystal brook,
 Upon whose cool, inviting brink
 The cattle bent their necks to drink ;
 And there, upon a stepping-stone,
 He saw the maiden tall and fair ;

The slanting, golden sunbeams shone
 Upon her wealth of dark brown hair ;
 And as he gazed he fondly smiled,
 She seemed but yesterday a child,
 To-day before his eyes she stood
 In all her sweet young womanhood.

When of the water from the rill
 The thirsty cows had drunk their fill,
 And passed the barn-yard gateway wide,
 The maiden climbed the sloping hill.
 " Well, grandpa, here I am ! " she cried ;
 And running to the old man's side,
 She cast herself and gypsy hat
 Upon the bench on which he sat.
 " I'm glad, dear child, for you're the light
 Of these old eyes, whose fading sight
 Has now so dim and feeble grown
 They scarcely seem to be mine own.

You know, my girl, I'm very old ;
 Sometimes I think I almost feel
 Death's stealthy darkness on me steal,
 As yonder, in that sky of gold,
 Night marshals now her vast array
 To march upon retreating day.
 What says the Book, the Holy Word ?
 ' When music shall no more be heard,
 When those who keep the house shall quake,
 And grinders shall their mills forsake,
 When darkened is the gazing eye,
 Or when the grinding sound is low,
 By these, and other signs, then know
 The ruin of the house is nigh.

And when is loosed the silver seal,
 Or broken at the well the wheel,
 Or shattered at the fount the urn,
 Or broken is the golden bowl,
 Then dust shall unto dust return,
 But unto God returns the soul.'"

Again the grandsire mused, the maid
 Was silent, seeming half afraid
 To interrupt his reverie.

Thus long they sat and neither spoke,
 No sound the solemn silence broke,
 Save, through the branches of the oak,
 The breezes murmured languidly,
 And in a droning, drowsy strain
 The bee-hive hummed its low refrain.

Meanwhile, within, the good-dame spread
 The table with its simple fare ;
 The sweet new milk, the snowy bread
 Upon its plate of blue-edged ware,
 And butter, yellow as the gold
 King Cræsus in his chambers told,
 And honey, which the delving bees
 Had pilfered from the clover leas.
 Curled snugly in the rocking chair,
 The house-cat lay and sleeked with care,
 With comb-like tongue, her silken fur,
 The while arose her gentle purr.
 Above her, on the wall, a gun
 With pouch and horn and ramrod hung,
 An old "flint lock" whose voice had rung
 At Concord and at Lexington.

And almost to the musket's stock
 Arose a large, old-fashioned clock,
 Which always warned, before its chime
 With solemn, deep, sonorous stroke,
 Told off the hours of flying time;
 And in its darkened cell of oak,
 As throbs the heart within the breast
 Unceasingly, nor stops to rest,
 The pendulum swung to and fro,
 And with a steady, measured beat
 Divided into rhythmic feet
 The minute's never-ceasing flow.
 Just opposite the lofty clock,
 Yawned the huge fire-place, deep and wide,
 And in the chimney, at one side,
 A crane was fastened to the rock;
 And from its arm the kettle hung,
 And, as the flames beneath it glanced,
 The iron cover whirred and danced
 Unto the song the kettle sung.

The farmer on the door-sill sat,
 While his good wife prepared the tea,
 Beguiling time in pleasant chat.
 A merry, happy man was he;
 Although not rich in worldly wealth,
 He had enough, and perfect health,
 Which to the happiness of man
 Contributes more than riches can.
 And, as he from the door surveyed
 His orchards in their leaves arrayed,
 And felt the peace and sweet content

Which follow hours in labor spent,
 A king, in crown and royal dress,
 Might envy him his happiness.

At length appeared the hired man,
 His broad, round face was brown with tan ;
 A milk pail in each hand he bore
 So full they seemed nigh running o'er ;
 And when the milk was strained and poured
 Into the shallow pans, and stored
 Within the good-wife's buttery,
 And when was made the steaming tea,
 And plates upon the table laid,

 The farmer stepped into the hall
 And called the old man and the maid ;
 But ere they ate, with reverence all
 About the table bowed the head
 Until the grandsire grace had said.

 And when the simple meal was o'er,
 The Bible from the shelf was brought,

 The old man from its pages read
 What Christ to his disciples taught ;

 Then all upon the spotless floor
 Knelt down, while on the listening air
 Arose the solemn, earnest prayer.

The duties of the night were done ;

 And on the porch the family
 Together sat, while one by one

 The stars peeped through the darkening sky,
 And o'er the tree tops far and dim
 The round moon raised her yellow rim.

Alas, how seldom do we think,
 When friends are gathered all around,
 Perhaps, when next we meet, a link
 Shall missing from that chain be found.
 Although the grim destroyer, Death,
 May stand beside some loved one's chair,
 We see him not, his icy breath
 No chill sends through the Summer air!

Time moved apace, the orb of night
 Climbed up the heaven's ethereal arch,
 And like a spectral army's march
 Appeared the groves of pine and larch
 Beneath her pale, uncertain light.
 How different is this landscape's phase
 From sultry noontide's dazzling blaze!
 Its aspect now how serious,
 How dreamful and mysterious!
 The clock struck nine, good-nights were said,
 The daughter tripped upstairs to bed.
 Not thus, I deem, the city girl,
 Absorbed in fashion's giddy whirl,
 Her pillow in good season seeks;
 Nor is the color on the cheeks
 Of her who turns the day to night
 So rosy, nor her eyes so bright.
 The grandsire rose and silently
 Went out into the open air;
 And kneeling 'neath the old oak tree
 He offered up his secret prayer.
 For many years beneath that oak,
 In Summer, when the sky was clear,

Where none but God himself could hear,
 He'd knelt, his blessing to invoke.
 Then to his room the old man crept,
 And quietly the household slept,
 Lulled by the song the katy-did
 Sung in the leafy branches hid.

Bright in the East the morning broke,
 The sweet voice of the rising lark
 Proclaimed the exile of the dark.
 And with the sun the farmer woke,
 For where are many mouths to keep
 The day is not the time to sleep.
 Refreshed by hours of sweet repose,
 The mother and the daughter rose.
 The dewy flowers their perfumes blent,
 And sense-bewildering fragrance lent
 Unto the gently stirring air.
 The maiden down the oaken stair
 Ran, gaily singing as she went.
 She sought the porch with vines embowered,
 Where short-lived morning-glories flowered.
 Oft sitting on the rustic seat
 Her grandsire loved to feel the sweet,
 Refreshing, early-morning breeze,
 And hear it woo the nodding trees.
 The bench was empty, and a thrill
 Of fear swept o'er her, and a chill,
 Foreboding sense of deep distress
 Seemed rising from its emptiness.
 She ran within, and gently knocked
 Upon her grandsire's chamber door.

No answer came, and more and more
 Strange fears into her fancy flocked;
 She raised the latch, it was not locked;
 The sunlight streamed across the floor
 And fell upon the sleeper's bed.
 She touched his brow, 'twas icy cold,
 The empty bench the truth had told,
 Life's cord was loosed, the soul had fled.
 White winged, it took its upward flight
 Ere rose the lark at morning light.

* * * * *

Beside the old house on the hill
 The lofty oak is towering still;
 Still o'er the roof its branches toss,
 Still 'neath the hill the streamlet brows
 O'er mossy stones, with tiny falls,
 Still from the grove the wood-thrush calls;
 But on all else a shadow palls,
 A brooding sense of bitter loss.
 Long closed has been the farm-house door,
 Within the fireplace now, no more
 The red flames up the chimney roar;
 But in the flue, for many years,
 The swallow's twig-built nest has hung,
 And there the dusky mother rears,
 All undisturbed, her callow young.
 Unheeded now the whirling snow
 Piles on the porch untrodden drifts;
 Unheeded Spring's soft breezes blow,
 And start the ice-bound brooklet's flow
 Through sheeny pools and shallow rifts;
 No longer now the garners hold

The harvest's ripened, yellow sheaves ;
 And gorgeous Autumn's painted leaves
 Unheeded shower their red and gold.
 What matters it unto the dead
 If silent snow lies white and deep,
 Or falling showers in Summer weep,
 Or thunder crashes overhead,
 It can not break their dreamless sleep !
 Oh, Time ! is-it because thou art
 Thyself so wrinkled, old and gray,
 Thou enviest the young and gay,
 And doom'st them to such swift decay ?
 But yet thou bindest up the heart,
 With cruel anguish rent and torn,
 And hovering o'er us in the air,
 Thou showest Hope on white wings borne,
 Who comes to banish dark Despair.

Oh, Life, how strangely different look
 The pages of thy mystic book !
 Some are as bright as sunny skies,
 And calm as hill-sequestered lakes,
 Whose gleam the spotted brook-trout breaks,
 And where the wary dragon-flies,
 Those gauze-winged rainbows, dance and shine
 Or rest upon the angler's line.
 In other's joy with sadness blends ;
 That twilight which we know so well,
 So gradual we scarce can tell
 Where night begins and daylight ends.
 And some are dark as clouds that frown
 Upon the gray sea looking down ;

And stormy as the giddy waves
Which thunder from the Maelstrom's caves.
Dear Father, grant that we may read
Life's book with understanding eyes,
And comprehend, as we proceed,
The wisdom vast, which underlies
Each passage, whether dark or bright ;
And let faith be our guiding light
From infancy to hoary age,
From title to the final page.

A PANEL PICTURE.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

A panel black, a faded fern,
 And one bright green, a twisted vine
 Whereon two checkerberries burn,
 A five-leaved spray of princess-pine.
 And that is all you see, perhaps,
 But I look through it, and behold,
 As one who peers through leafy gaps,
 Their dear old forest home unfold.
 An old road, long deserted now,
 And cushioned deep with soft, brown leaves,
 Where, intertwining bough with bough,
 A shading arch the forest weaves.
 And flickering through with every breeze,
 The restless rays of sunlight glance
 On gray old rocks, and fallen trees
 Half hid in moss and wildwood plants.
 I catch the scent of balmy fir,
 Of withered leaves that long have lain,
 And the sweet, dainty breath of myrrh,
 That haunts a wood fresh-steeped with rain.
 But O, the painter's cunning art!
 Where hemlocks o'er the pathway lean
 The clustering branches bend apart,
 And steps a maiden on the scene.
 She gathers flowers—a faded fern,
 And one bright green, a twisted vine
 Whereon two checkerberries burn,
 A five-leaved spray of princess-pine

IN AUTUMN TIME.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

When, where late was Summer's green,
Autumn's gorgeous golden scene
In its richness is displayed
On the hills all bright arrayed,
And the rustling foliage falls,
Carpeting the forest halls,
Then remember one whose heart
Dreads the hour when we must part.

When the mellow-tinted haze
Of the soft October days,
Like a veil of mazy gauze
Nature o'er her painting draws,
Settles tremulously down
O'er the crimson, gold, and brown,
Then remember one whose heart
Dreads the hour when we must part.

When the wind of Autumn grieves
O'er the falling of the leaves,
And the desolate trees reply
To its melancholy sigh,
When each sound within the wood
Only deepens solitude,
Then remember one whose heart
Dreads the hour when we must part.

When again the time comes round
That I first thy friendship found,
And all lovely hues appear
In this sunset of the year,
As all heaven's beauteous dyes
Mingle in the evening skies,
Then remember one whose heart
Dreads the hour when we must part.

AN AFTERNOON OF TENNYSON.

BY BARCLAY JOHNSON, '82.

Through avenues of leaves that arched
 In softly rustling domes o'erhead,
 The slowly drifting clouds I watched
 While you aloud an Idyl read.

You thought I listened to your words;
 You might perhaps have felt surprise
 To know I listened to the birds,
 And painted pictures in the skies.

In radiant white on background blue
 Majestic palaces uprose,
 And oft before my fancy grew
 Tall castles made from drifting snows.

I watched these towards the sunset creep,
 And saw white mists their tops enfold,
 I watched bright colors o'er them sweep,
 And saw their marble turn to gold.

And while I made you still believe
 I heard, I watched your color rise;
 I saw your bosom gently heave,
 And read the poem—from your eyes.

Be not provoked. Do you suppose
 Geraint with Enid by his side,
 Gave heed to any thoughts but those
 Of her he longed to make his bride?

A SEA TALE.

BY J. D. BURRELL, '81.

The storm king ruled. The maddened seas
 Ran up to meet the sky.
 The ocean depths in boisterous mirth
 Their pearls cast up on high.

Amid the revels of the storm
 A rocket pierced the gloom,—
 The chorus of the elements
 Laughed at the vessel's doom.

The golden light of morning lit
 The faces of the dead ;
 Of all that sailed upon that ship
 One babe survived they said.

* * * * *

Month after month the tides ran out
 Upon that rocky shore,
 Until the days had counted years,
 The years had reached a score.

On this dark night, the blackest night
 That all those years had known,
 A vessel brake upon the rocks
 And, heeded not, went down.

To a mast in clinging death still hung
 The babe, to manhood grown ;
 A tar's rough hand carved on his tomb,
 "The sea takes back its own."

BETWEEN YEARS.

BY E. T. MCLAUGHLIN, '83.

New Year's eve,
And moonlight cold on the snow,
Thou too, Old Year, must go ;
Like the moon, thou too must set,—
To shine in the coronet
Of Eternity, in the West,
Where the centuries take their rest.

A TOKEN.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

April airs blow warm and gentle,
Merry summer birds salute us,
Spring now weaves her flowery mantle,
Twining in the first arbutus,
Star flowers white as maiden's bosom
Strew the fields like winter snow,
Violets of bluest blossom
In, among the grasses grow.

There's a woodland vista shaded
By dark pine and hemlock arches,
Steel-leaved boughs that ne'er have faded,
Tempered by a score of Marches,
There the Spring for Summer tarries,
There the Winter waits for May,
And within this home of fairies
Twilight broodeth all the day.

Once when we the fields were roaming,
Ere May roses were unrolling,
Thoughtlessly we pierced the gloaming,
And adown the aisle were strolling,
Then thy voice whose laugh ran riot
Ere we wandered to the wood,
Hushed to silence in the quiet
Of that mystic solitude.

Then the love that ever dwelling
 On my lips I dared not murmur,
 Though in signs its passion telling,
 Thrilled with hope and promise firmer,
 And beneath the deeply shading
 Branches interknit above,
 Hand with hand together braiding,
 First we kissed the kiss of love.

I've a knot of faded flowers,
 Whose perfume and beauty perished
 Ere their season filled its hours.
 But their loveliness is cherished
 In the buds that now I find thee
 Where three years ago we stood,—
 Buds that needlessly remind thee
 Of our vows with them renewed.

AND THE SUMMER WIND WAS BLOWING.

Side by side on the hillside slope,
 Where the ripening corn was growing,
 We talked and called up many a hope,
 And the summer wind was blowing.
 Her face was fair as the blush of morn,
 As she stood there in the tasseled corn,
 When the summer wind was blowing.

Softly the wanton breezes played
 With her golden tresses flowing ;
 Many the tender words I said,
 And the summer wind was blowing.
 Never an answer she made to me,
 But looked away to the shining sea,
 Where the summer wind was blowing.

Nothing we know of a maiden's heart,
 Nothing that's worth the knowing—
 Love she can cover with such an art ;
 And the summer wind was blowing.
 "What shall my answer, Ida, be?"
 "Guess if you can!" she said to me,
 When the summer wind was blowing.

Slowly the sun went down the West
 To his couch with splendor glowing ;
 Her head lay resting upon my breast,
 And the summer wind was blowing.
 Softly I touched her red, ripe lips,
 Still she looked out at the passing ships,
 Where the summer wind was blowing.

“Other men reap their harvests, sweet!
Shall Love get less for his sowing?”
The shadows were lengthening at our feet
And the summer wind was blowing.
“Gather your grain,” at last she said,
And the twilight fell o’er her sunny head,
When the summer wind was blowing.

FAIR WAS THE MAID.

Fair was the maid that I loved so well,
 The light of my life to me ;
 Her tresses of gold like the sunbeams fell,
 Her eyes were as blue as the sea.
 Her heart was as pure as the fathomless depths
 Of the crystalline waves
 By the coral caves,
 Where the homes of the sea-nymphs be.

Red were her lips as the red, red rose
 That blooms amid gardens rare ;
 (No lovelier blossom the wide world knows,
 Nor perfumes the July air.)
 Her neck was as white as the lily that grows
 In the sheltered shade
 Of the woodland glade,
 Where the warmth of the South wind blows.

Her voice was as soft as the murmuring breeze
 That kisses the lips of June,
 And tenderly toys with the old, old trees
 In the light of the silver moon ;
 And it came to my soul in a mystic way—
 Yes! it came to my breast
 With a sense of rest,
 Like a child at its mother's croon.

A storm uprose from the envious East,
 A blast from the North wind blew.
 The red rose was withered upon my breast,
 And faded the eyes of blue.

Yet I wear on my bosom a tress of bright gold,
Ay! a tress of *her* gold,
That will not grow old,
That never will part from its luster nor mold,
From the love that my life once knew.

A RECOLLECTION.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

The river flowed with pleasant sound
 O'er pebbly shallows, where the sun
 An ever-changing mirror found,
 And where the deep, strong current run
 In dimpling, twisting whirlpools spun.

All through a summer afternoon,
 Three idle fishers without will,
 We listened to the dreamy tune,
 We watched the river and the rill,
 Till sunlight faded from the hill.

A bright leaf on the stiller stream
 Floated until it caught the swirl,
 Then dancing through each sunny gleam,
 Was caught and waltzed down through the whirl,
 And sailed beyond the current's curl.

And this is all I recollect
 Of all we heard, or saw, or said—
 The leaf that sailed the stream unwrecked.
 No poet's line that e'er I read
 Is half so firm to memory wed.

TRANSFORMATION.

BY A. P. FRENCH, '82.

A pleasant walk by a babbling brook,
A quiet talk in a shady nook,
A promise asked and a promise given,
A spot of earth made bright as heaven ;
 Life, thou art golden !

Another season, another year,
The brook is dry and the leaves are sear ;
A lonely wanderer standing there
Feels that, like nature, his life is bare ;
 Death, thou art ruthless !

TO THE RIVER HOUSATONIC.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

How I love the wild, harmonic
 Housatonic,
 With its restless, tireless tide
 Springing from the sparkling fountains
 In the mountains
 Where old Greylock towers in pride ;

Flowing through the pleasant valleys,
 Where it rallies
 Every rivulet in one ;
 Winding through the daisied meadows,
 And in shadows
 Of o'erhanging mountains dun.

Plunging over precipices,
 Down abysses,
 Boiling, Phlegethonic caves,
 Through deep-channeled cañons cleaving,
 Crushing, heaving
 On the crumbling cliffs its waves.

I have listened, awed with wonder,
 To the thunder
 Of its distant, sounding fall,
 When in vast, profound, sonorous,
 Echoing chorus
 It gave forth its midnight call.

I have stood beside its roaring
 Torrent, pouring,
 Vaulting o'er the marble rock,
 And of its delirious leaping,
 Downward sweeping,
 I have felt the jarring shock.

The light, misty lace of morning
 Drapes, adorning,
 O'er its beauty stern and grand,
 And the sunlight from the zenith
 Downward leaneth,
 Binds it with a rainbow band.

I have seen its angry, swelling
 Tide compelling
 All to yield before its might,
 With its icebergs huge and jagged
 Leaving ragged
 All the valleys in its flight;

And, in contrast to its raving,
 Seen it laving,
 Murmuring music low and sweet,
 Shining beaches, snowy sanded,
 Where expanded,
 Still it slept, a silvery sheet.

Rarely light-winged zephyr blurs it,
 Nothing stirs it
 Save some slowly-sailing skiff;
 And within its clear and placid
 Depths are glassèd
 Fir, and flower, and frowning cliff.

It is beautiful by noonlight,
 But by moonlight
Such a beauty there will dwell
That 't will all the feelings capture
 With the rapture
Of its spirit-breathing spell;

Or when from the day the even
 Veils the heaven,
And within its tranquil breast,
Where the watery depths are darkling,
 Strangely sparkling,
Shine the stars in splendid rest.

A SUMMER SONG.

BY H. S. DURAND, '81.

Oh, which were best in summer heat—
 To roam the city's crowded street,
 Or seek some shady woodland nook,
 Where arching, green-leaved branches meet
 Above a noisy, pebbled brook,
 Which, prattling o'er the mossy stones,
 Has cooling music in its tones :

Or else upon some broader stream
 To pull your skiff with lazy oars
 Between the reed-fringed, grassy shores,
 Just catching now and then a gleam
 Of sunlight glinting through the trees,
 Among whose branches sighs the breeze ;
 While blending with its murmuring
 Is heard the song the wild birds sing.
 There are no notes of harp or lyre
 So sweet as those of Nature's choir,
 No discord jars its harmony ;

The wind-harp and the waterfall,
 The river hastening to the sea,
 The singing bird, the humming bee,
 Join in the chorus, one and all,
 And swell the witching melody.
 Oh, happy, lazy summer hours,
 Too swiftly far ye take your flight,
 Too soon upon your blooming flowers
 The chill of Winter casts its blight.

A MEMORY OF LAKE GEORGE.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

Underneath the branches oaken
 Where the great rocks rise in shade,
 And to each word, softly spoken,
 Echoes answering are made,

I am floating, hardly seeming
 To be moving o'er the lake,
 Slowly drifting, idly dreaming,
 Idly dreaming, yet awake.

Half unconscious, fondly gazing
 On another dreamer nigh ;
 Thy blue, wandering eyes upraising,
 Watch the last, long sunbeams die.

Creamy lilies on thy bosom
 Waft their fragrance faint to me,
 For thy lips have touched a blossom,
 And it whispers love to thee.

Meet our eyes—ah, Love discloses
 Thus what words could ne'er presume,
 And upon thy cheeks the roses
 Burst from bud to perfect bloom.

Homeward through the twilight faring,
 Moonlit waters meet our prow ;
 Thou the roses still art wearing,
 But I keep the lily now.

DAISY.

BY A. P. FRENCH, '82.

“Rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief.”
Murmuring this childish formula, I lay
Amid the daisies, on a summer day,
And plucked the snowy petals in despair,
To see if I could read my fortune there.
Then, turning to the Daisy at my side:
“*They* cannot tell,” I said, “do *you* decidé.”
So softly came her whisper, that I fear
No other daisy could the answer hear.

A SONG.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

We ne'er have given token
 The thought of love betraying,
 No words have e'er been spoken
 Love's messages conveying,
 No sigh from lips has broken,
 The heart's quick wish obeying,
 To tell me that thou lovest none,
 Only me—
 To tell I love no other one,
 Only thee.

But I see thy fair cheek height'ning
 With pure and maiden flushes,
 When like the morning bright'ning,
 'Tis mant'ling o'er with blushes,
 When like the summer lightning
 Betraying color rushes,
 And tells me that thou lovest none,
 Only me.
 And I, I love no other one,
 Only thee.

LANGUAGE OF THE ROSE.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

A stream that flows
From chilling snows
Gave beauty to this Alpine rose,
I bring the flower to thee.
If in the cold
Of Jura's wold
This blossom could its leaf unfold,
I bring my love to thee.

TO THE CATSKILLS.

BY W. I. BRUCE, '82.

To you, my early friends, I turn again,
Like one who, in the fierce, hot strife with men,
Leaves strangers and returns at evening's fall
To some loved comrade in ancestral hall,
There to converse of scenes long past away,
To wake in sweet companionship till day.
So I: my early friends, the best and last.
My travels into stranger lands are past,
And seem but dreams; you, only you are real.
Yes, on your forehead there is set the seal
Of truth, the blue of deep infinity.
Cold, pallid Blanc, feels no affinity
With warm and happy human life below:
The Himalayas' wreathed peaks of snow
Smile not, but coldly gaze on squalid homes
And stagnant intellect; on feeble gnomes
In knowledge, who abide beneath the slime
And refuse of this life in sloth and crime.
But you spread through a fair, luxuriant land
Your warm, bright, breezy nature; you command
The onward march of mind, the toiling hand,
The larger, nobler heart. Your dusky glens
Contain our nation's lore; you guide the pens
Which tell her deeds; the limner's brush obeys
Your will, as in your changeful moods there plays,
Or seems to play, the working of a soul
Which sympathizes with our joy and dole.

The morning sun darts through the purple air,
Above our heads, his earliest beams which bear
To you the new day's greeting ; and at eve,
When all his rays with shadows interweave,
He loves to linger ; on your brows to leave
A good-night kiss, and warm you with his fire.
The clouds, that wand'ring all day long do tire
At sunset, seek repose upon your breast,
And you and they fill fair the glowing west
With mild and mellow splendor, all our own.
And when that living light is faded—gone,
The same fair blue which met our eyes at dawn
Still robes your graceful forms. The frowning night
Mutters its blighting spells to dim your light ;
Yet only likens to God's azure dome
Till you and heaven blend within the gloom.

THE FAIRIES.

BY H. S. DURAND, '81.

When the harvest moonlight mellow shines upon the
 grain fields yellow,
 And the dew-drops on the grass blades gleam like
 diamonds bright and fair,
 And the distant bell's sad pealing, from the lofty
 belfry stealing,
 Tells the solemn hour of midnight to the hushed
 and listening air,
 Then it is the fairies meeting, while the wee small
 hours are fleeting,
 Hold their revels on the greensward, undisturbed
 by earthly care.

Elf-king's crown is set with shining, precious jewels;
 and the lining
 Of his robe is fur, whose owner was the tiny
 meadow-vole.

Elf-queen's crown is silver, gleaming 'neath the
 moonlight on it streaming,
 And the lining of her mantle is the soft fur of the
 mole.

What we mortals style as vermin, they are pleased to
 call their ermine:
 And their robes, like mortal monarchs', are the
 symbols of control.

King and queen, together sitting, watch their happy
 subjects, flitting
 In the dances light and airy, unto strains of music
 sweet.

Fairy laughter gaily ringing, dulcet, bird-like voices
singing,

Mingle with the rhythmic measure of the little
waltzing feet.

And the pine tree's branch from under looks the owl
with round-eyed wonder,

Screened from elfin observation in his lonely, dark
retreat.

When the last chords softly blending, telling that the
dance is ending,

Die away; the merry dancers on the mossy turf
recline,

Feasting, talking, and proposing many toasts, before
the closing

Of the feast, in acorn goblets flowing o'er with
sparkling wine;

But the grapes, which yield their juices for the fairy
kingdom's uses,

Ne'er were grown by mortal vintners, ne'er were
plucked from mortal's vine.

Swiftly on the hours are speeding; but the banquet-
ers, unheeding,

Laugh and toast until the moon-beams on the scene
no longer fall:

Till the eastern streaks, at dawning, tell the coming
of the morning,

And the ruler of the barn-yard shrilly sounds his
matin call.

At this signal loud and tragic, in an instant, as by
magic,

From the grassy sward have vanished king and
queen and fairies all.

AT LOTOS CAMP.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

We ate the lotos day by day,
Till not a care could weary us,
And time as lightly on us lay
As though life ne'er were serious.
O, happy days on shady shores,
Books, breezy waves, and laziness!
O, happy nights, when dripping oars
Gleamed in the moonlit mazines!
Again I'm drifting through the night,
Far off the camp flames wavering,
And shadowy forms move in their light,
With merry music favoring;
Then note by note the music dies,
I watch the camp-light perishing,
And learn that in my heart there lies
No scene more worth its cherishing.

TO LONGFELLOW.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

O master poet of earth's greatest land,
 Though thy grand harp has sounded with the surge
 Of ocean, where the thundering billows scourge
 Old Norway's barren rocks;—though thou didst stand
 With that immortal two, and hand in hand
 Wandered with them beyond the utmost verge
 Of Death's dominions, and didst thence emerge
 In heaven's light on heights by ages scanned ;

Yet hast thou stooped to things of common life,
 Suiting thy strains to humble themes like ours,
 Become our poet, sung the care and strife
 Of low existence, with as wondrous powers ;
 And since thou mak'st our days with blessings rife,
 We give thy name still more immortal dowers.

GOLDEN-HAIR.

Wild, strange een of Golden Hair.—*Lumaen.*

What time the dawn the cloud had tipped,
 The shades had tossed,
 The skies had kissed,
 From hill to hill had bridged the mist;
 What time the fleeting dew had slipped,
 Silent from the roses' crypt,
 She was lost.

Heaving hill and meadow bare
 Echoed the name of Golden-Hair.

The lark stared from the long-tressed birk
 In wonder down,
 And song he dropped;
 His matin flow of music stopped.
 The bells in towers dim and mirk
 Shook the mosses from the kirk
 Old and brown.

In shaded holt the shadows wear
 Only the form of Golden-Hair.

Oh! quickly by the streamlet's glint
 I followed fleet,
 Until the mere
 Shadowed my heart with sudden fear;
 The odors of the scented mint
 Rose beneath the heavy print
 Of my feet.

Haunted trees in the hollow there
 Breathed to me but of Golden-Hair.

The snake slid through the tangled fern
 And matted weeds;
 The grasses rank
 Nodded in breezes moist and dank;
 And in the tarn the booming hern
 Stood like a hermit lone and stern,
 In the reeds.

Ah! the pool with its gloat and glare
 Lighted the brow of Golden-Hair.

Go whisper in some other ear
 Thy sympathy.
 Alas! the pond,
 Far sadder than the sad beyond,
 With holy lilies wreathed her bier
 And seemed so strange beside the drear,
 Black scenery.
 How heavy was that weighted air
 On the white cheek of Golden-Hair!

The sun lies dead beyond the hill;
 The shuddering
 Of wan leaves stirs
 The amber moon's pale gossamers;
 And over all my senses steal
 Dark, solemn presences; I feel
 The brooding wing
 Of her I wed now—dull Despair—
 I cannot wed my Golden-Hair.

THE WHALER'S RETURN.

BY H. S. DURAND, '81.

There is a story olden,
 A story sad and sweet.
 The western skies are golden,
 At anchor rides the fleet.

The fishermen are hauling
 Their nets out on the sand.
 The guillemots' soft calling
 Comes faintly to the land.

Who stands so sadly gazing
 Across the sparkling sea?
 Marks she the colors blazing,
 The sun paints gorgeously?

Is it a sea-bird's pinion
 Her tearful eyes behold,
 White, on the vast dominion
 Of gleaming, ruddy gold?

Or is a ship's sail nearing
 The far horizon's rim?
 A sail fast disappearing
 Into the distance dim.

The sun-set light is fading,
 The snowy speck has flown;
 But still, her blue eyes shading,
 The maiden stands alone.

* * * * *

Two years have past ; a whaler
Casts anchor in the tide ;
A stalwart, bearded sailor
Comes down the vessel's side.

The oars are flashing brightly,
The boat strikes on the sand
He leaps ashore full lightly,
The fishers grasp his hand :

But who shall break the sorrow,
Unto this heart so gay ?
Sailor, a sad to-morrow
Follows the glad to-day.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

[AN INCIDENT AT THE SACKING OF ROME, 390 B. C.]

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

Fair stood the statue of Modestia,
The sculptor's triumph, the proud city's pride,
In all the temples not another vied.
Who gazed the purer grew for what they saw,
And its sweet influence was more than law.
The Roman lover prayed for such a bride;
"Oh, keep me thus!" the Roman maiden cried;
And some looked not, but turned away for awe.

The wild barbarians, with lustful hand,
Raged through deserted Rome, and one of rank
Before the goddess drew his horde to stand,
And aimed a shattering blow. But ere it sank
He cowering turned amid his hooting band,
And Beauty triumphed while fierce Boldness shrank.

JE LÄNGER, JE LIEBER.

BY BURNSIDE FOSTER, '82.

“Je länger, je lieber,” whispered the dew,
As it clung to the pansy, bright;
And the night wind smiled at their love so true,
As it kissed them both good night.

“Je länger, je lieber,” warble the birds,
As they fly by the pansy's bed,
And even the sun gives a loving nod,
As he raises his fiery head.

For the modest pansy is loved by all,
With its beautiful velvet dress,
And it blushing smiles at each tender call,
And each lover-like caress.

But the pansy is picked by a sunburnt youth,
From its bed 'mid the grass and the creeper,
And the blushing maiden tells him the truth
When she murmurs “Je länger, je lieber.”

THE ELF-KING.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

BY H. S. DURAND, '81.

Who rideth so late through the night wind wild?
 It is the father with his child;
 Around the boy he throws his arm,
 He grasps him securely, he keeps him warm.

“My son, my dear son, what troubleth thee?”
 “Dost thou not, father, the Elf-king see?
 The Elf-king with his crown and train?”
 “My son, 'tis but the mist and rain.”

“Thou lovely child, come go with me!
 Beautiful games I'll play with thee!
 Many sweet flowers are in the wold;
 My mother hath many robes of gold.”

“My father, my father, and hearest thou not
 What Elfenking sayeth shall fall to my lot?”
 “Be quiet, my darling, be quiet, my own!
 Thou hearest the wind through the withered leaves
 moan.”

“Beautiful boy, wilt thou go with me?
 My daughters thy waiting maids shall be;
 My daughters each evening the dances shall keep,
 And rock thee, and dance thee, and sing thee to sleep.”

“ My father, my father, and dost thou not mark
The Elfenking’s daughters out there in the dark ?”

“ My son, my dear son, very plainly I see
How gleams in the darkness the old willow tree.”

“ I love thee, for me thy sweet face hath a charm,
And if thou’rt not willing, I’ll do thee a harm.”

“ My father, my father, he calls me again—
The Elfenking, father, is giving me pain.”

The horrified father in haste rideth on,
He holds in his arms his agonized son,
He reaches the court-yard in terror and dread ;—
The child in his arms was pallid and dead.

ROSES AND LILIES.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

Roses and lilies growing together,
 All in a garden a-blooming with posies;
 But who is there can tell me whether
 The lilies are fairer, or whether the roses.

The lilies are Rose's, the roses are Lilly's,
 Rose planted the lilies, and Lilly the roses;
 But there's not so lovely a rose in the trellis
 As Lilly, no lily so fair as fair Rose is.

I love them both, and can I choose illy?
 One I must choose, which, no one discloses;
 If I choose Rose my rose is a lily,
 If I choose Lilly my lily a rose is.

Roses and lilies growing together,
 All in a garden a-blooming with posies;
 Love, O, Love, will you tell me whether
 Bright Lilly is dearer, or whether fair Rose is.

ON A PORTRAIT.

BY BARCLAY JOHNSON, '82.

A shapely head—a quiet face—
Expression serious, sweet ;
A picture rich in many a grace,
But yet 't is incomplete.

For here is but the faintest trace
Of that sweet depth of feeling
Which, into thy living face,
Is ever softly stealing.

A perfect outline well defined
Is what I see before me ;
But wanting from it is the mind
Which casts its magic o'er me.

MADELINA.

Tell me, tell me have you seen her?
 Seen my blue-eyed Madelina,
 With her wealth of yellow tresses,
 And the love-light in her eye?
 None have beauty richer, rarer—
 None in all the world are fairer,
 Tell me, prythee, have you seen her
 In the gloaming passing by?

She has cheeks like summer roses
 Where the golden bee reposes,
 Or the humming-bird just touches
 For the honey that he sips;
 And around her young Love lingers,
 As he leaves with dainty fingers
 All the freshness of the morning
 On the coral of her lips.

She is graceful as the fawn is—
 She is pure as early dawn is—
 Far more perfect than was Venus
 Rising from the Paphian sea;
 And the ancient, antique Graces
 Seem but fabled commonplaces,
 As I, like Thracian Orpheus,
 Seek my lost Eurydice.

Tell me, pray then, have you seen her?
Seen my red-lipped Madelina,
 Stepping lightly in the gloaming,
 With the love-light in her eye?
She is neither nymph nor goddess,
But beneath her snowy boddice
 Beats a heart as bright as starlight,
 And as soft as yonder sky.

TWO SONNETS

TO A PORTRAIT.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

I.

“ Music, awake her, strike!” Ah, vain! the spell
Of the Orphean lyre died with the touch
That gave it birth; and thou, thou art not such
As fair Hermione. The last low swell
Of music from a distant evening bell
Has made my senses vibrate with its much
Of sweetness; yet still thou, as on the couch
Pygmalion’s wonder lay, that could compel
The gods to grant it life, dost senseless sleep;
And whisper, wish, or kiss awakes thee not.
Perchance, with Orpheus’ fate, save as a shade
I ne’er shall know thee, nor what charm can keep
My gaze like Clytie’s ever on one spot.
Thus longing did Selene fail and fade.

II.

The spell is nameless that doth win my gaze;
 Thou art my eyes' own Cynosure, but why
 I can not tell. Narcissus did espy
 No fault of loveliness upon the face
 That eyed him even till death, but the soft rays
 Of Beauty's star were wanting in the sky
 When thou wert born; yet never would I sigh
 For other charm than the e'er-pleasing grace
 So wholly thine. Let others wear the zone
 Of Aphrodite while thy brow is bound
 With the euplea,* for the magic flower
 Of Oberon, and the fountain playing lone
 In Ardennes, by the wandering lovers found,
 Before thy nameless spells would lose their power.

* A plant which was said to make those beloved who anointed themselves with it.

INTO THE LIGHT.

BY W. C. CAMP, '80.

'Twas an August night, and the moon's clear light
 Gilded each wave with a glittering gleam,
 And the ripples' dash and the wavelets' splash
 Made music soothing and sweet as a dream.

My beautiful boat did fairy-like float,
 Bearing a burden far dearer to me
 Than boat ever bore between shore and shore,
 For it carried my true love over the sea.

With her brow so fair, and her bright brown hair,
 A lovelier maiden I never shall find,
 With her eyes so blue, and her heart so true,
 Never was angel so gentle and kind—

You know how strange the moonlight doth change—
 Sail never so far, you're just ent'ring it now,
 But you ne'er can sail in the weird light pale,
 For it always ends just under the bow.

To enter that fire was my love's desire—
 That fire by the moon cast over the sea—
 But 'tis Neptune's throne, and his nymphs alone
 Mount its steps of gold through the sparkling sea.

Yet we sailed, and sailed, till the moonlight paled,
 With that fairy light still under the bow,
 Then my darling spoke sweet thoughts that awoke,
 And my heart is thrilled with their memory now :

“’Tis just like our life, so full of vain strife;
 Longing for blessings we here cannot win,
 But our sails we may furl at the ‘Gates of Pearl,’
 And *that* perfect light we *may* enter in.”

* * * * *

Now the breeze blows sad, and the ripples glad
 With the waves forever make mournful moan,
 While my boat still sails, tossed by winds and gales—
She has entered the light—I sail alone !

PARTING.

BY E. F. GREEN, '80.

There were tears in your eyes as you turned them
from mine,

While we stood the last time by the wicket together,
And I said to myself, "Pretty jewels, they shine
For our parting to-morrow that may be forever."

Down through the long walk by the meadows of clover
We passed once again ere I bade you good-bye,
The dark, silent shade of the elm trees hung over,
And sorrowed with us who in sorrow passed by.

Ah! bright was the day and the hour when we parted;
The soft, dewy grasses, the sunshine, the flowers
Were symbols of joy,—but we two, broken hearted,
Turned sadly away, for it could not be ours.

The rosebud you charged me to keep as a token,
Recalling the brief life of pleasure we led,
With perfume all vanished and dead petals broken
Now lies but the symbol of hopes that are fled.

BONNY DOON.

[AFTER BURNS.]

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

Ye banks and braes o' Bonny Doon,
 How can ye bloom and look so gay?
 Since last the sun looked down at noon
 My light, my life has passed away.

Fade, fade, ye flowers, o'er hill and plain,
 The fairest flower of all has died,
 And never show your bloom again
 Where Bonny Doon's sad waters glide.

How can ye dance, O daffodils,
 With every fair and fickle breeze,
 When she who loved you on the hills
 Now sleeps beneath the liliated leas?

Ye bonny birds, how can ye call
 In careless song from bough to bough?
 The sweetest singer of you all
 Is only heard in heaven now.

How can you, cold and silent moon,
 Look down so fair from heaven above,
 Since never more by Bonny Doon
 I'll wander with my plighted love?

VACATION.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

Along the pathway through the wood,
 By gothic hemlock arched and shaded,
 We walked, and by the gateway stood
 To watch the sunset as it faded.

'Twas your first year at Holyoke,
 And I was very fresh from college,
 And so of course whene'er we spoke
 Each wondered at the other's knowledge.

We raved about the sunset sky
 In gorgeous golden light appareled,
 And marked each soft and transient dye;
 You quoted Ruskin, I, Childe Harold.

The scene suggested to your mind
 A landscape at the Exposition;
 And I, not to be left behind,
 Thought it "quite in the mode of Titian."

You wove wreaths of—botanic names,
 You coughed, and I discoursed of phthisics;
 We laughed at "our old silly games,"
 And then dropped into metaphysics.

Till, wearied with the task absurd,
 We made an effort to be merry;
 I thought you—I forget the word,
 You thought Yale "a good phrontistery."

We knew it was a foolish way,
And yet, for fear our tongues, unguarded,
Would say what most we wished to say,
Our old-time manners we discarded.

But when the sunlight left the hills,
And Summer's quiet night was sinking,
We yielded to that power which stills
The idlest babbler into thinking.

We felt old memories in us glow,
Old childhood's flames within us burning;
And when at last we turned to go
Our eyes met with the sweet, old yearning.

Too near our lips, half-pursing, drew
For aught but lover or fond brother,
But the sweetest kiss I ever knew
Was when in thought we kissed each other.

SOUTH MIDDLE.

BY D. H. BUELL, '83.

The moon shineth on thee, South Middle,
 With a quivering, tremulous light,
 And striveth in vain to unriddle
 The lore with which thou art bedight.

Thou hast sheltered our fathers before us,
 Our sons thou wilt shelter and shield ;
 Thou wilt ring with their voices sonorous,
 And ne'er to Time's ravages yield.

The towering elm trees caress thee,
 Their shadows fall on thy walls,
 They ever in low murmurs bless thee
 And thy boisterous resonant halls.

Aula Connecticutensis,

First leaflet of Yale's sturdy tree,
 More dear to our hearts than the fence is,
 Our thoughts will be ever of thee.

When Time with his rude hand has sprinkled
 Our thick locks with flurries of snow,
 When the faces are withered and wrinkled
 That now with young life are aglow ;

When Life's faintly flickering ember
 In Oblivion's ashes grows pale,
 Thee, thee will we ever remember,
 Brightest gem in our life at old Yale.

ALBUM LINES.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

Though France should bleed her choicest vine,
I would not drink to thee in wine ;

 More rare, more pure must be the draught
 Whene'er to thee a cup is quaffed.

But the drop of honied dew I'll sip,
That trembles on the lily's lip.

 Then every fairy, bird, or bee
 That drinks from it shall drink to thee.

A PORTRAIT.

BY A. B. LINCOLN, '81.

A modest little photograph
Adorns my mantel-shelf,
But slyly hides among the rest,
Unseen save by myself.

It is the surest talisman
To drive away the "blues."
'T is never sad, nor will it e'er
To *me* a smile refuse.

Yet others always pass it by
For more pretentious faces
Whose beauties grace my mantel-shelf—
Fair maids with queenly graces.

To me alone a secret charm
Makes this one face so fair;
I know the meaning in those eyes,
I know the heart that's there.

A SUMMER STORM.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

Bright-bosomed Bantam spreads her silver sheet
 Before me in an amphitheatre
 Of green and sloping sides that gently meet
 The water's edge. Its ripples scarcely stir
 To-day, but 't is as motionless as 't were
 A crystal sea; and groves and hills and skies
 Are mirrored in its depths without a blur,
 Save where some tremulous breeze may o'er it rise,
 But ere it ruffles o'er the lake the zephyr dies.

'T is like the fitful calm that comes before
 The battle, telling of impending doom.
 But it hath ceased, and coolly blowing o'er [gloom
 The lake, a quick breeze sweeps, and gathering
 Lowers on the changing scene. Now the dull boom
 And rumble of the distant thunder storm
 Burdens the air; dark, heavy masses loom
 From out the west, and black battalions form
 Above the frowning hills, and sweep on in a swarm.

MATIN SONG.

BY L. D. SYLE, '79.

When the dew is on the roses,
 When the mist is on the sea,
 When the western wind reposes
 Midst the leaves of yon oak tree;
 Through the August-blooming heather,
 We will roam, my love, together,
 To the land where aye is Dawning,
 Golden Light and constant Morning.

NOCTURNE.

When bright Venus caps the mountains,
 When the moon is sinking low,
 When, as sound of many fountains,
 Murmurs from the ocean blow,
 When the breeze of night is sighing,
 And the birds of night replying,
 O'er the white and glistening sand—
 We will wander hand in hand,
 To the land where dwells the Twilight,
 Silvery Gloaming, shimmering Starlight.

CASCADE BROOK.

BY L. D. SYLE, '79.

O maiden silver-sandaled, mountain-born,
 Outstepping lightly from the cool ravine
 Where, hidden from gaze profane, and all unseen
 Save by thine own pure self, thou dost adorn
 Thine amber tresses with pink columbine,
 Soft-drooping over violets white and blue,
 Wake-robins, and anemones for you
 Aurora-blown, sweet-scented with wild pine—
 O maiden crowned with springtime, silver-voiced,
 Step lightly on for aye, and on thy face
 Be sunshine, since thy heart with ours rejoiced
 When, wandering through the woods with lazy
 pace,
 We met thee, joyous brook, that pleasant day
 To be remembered long, the Ides of May.

A LOST POEM.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

One afternoon, 'twas weeks ago,
 We rode to Echo Lake a-boating,
And while you sailed the lake below
 I lay upon the hillside noting
The melancholy sunset glow,
The twilight dimness falling slow,
And creeping mists that 'gan to show
 Where you were idly floating.

You woke the echoes with your cries,
 And when, from hill and forest flying,
I caught the swell of their replies,
 Now mocking clear, now softly dying
In silence that all life denies,
I felt a sudden, sweet surprise
At the fair scene before my eyes
 In holy beauty lying.

And half believing I was shown
 A painter's or a poet's treasure,
Because my heart had seldom known
 So pure, so deep, so wild a pleasure,
I strove to make it all thine own
In picturing rhymes. And but one lone,
Befettered stanza, cold in tone,
 Would meet my empty measure.

And so, thought I, a joy is lost
 To you and me, perhaps forever.
Then in the lake my rhymes I tossed,
 And with them perished my endeavor.
But often mockingly have crossed
My thoughts the lesson and its cost,
How oft for what we seek it most
 Expression cometh never.

A DEAD FAITH.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

We have lost faith in love, its kiss hath burned
Upon our lips and left the bitter taste
Of ashes. Yet our love was sweet and chaste
And true, we thought, till Fate a-sudden turned
Our life's old course. Ah, vainly then we yearned
For what our hearts had lost, and naught replaced;
And harder grows our loss, for uneffaced
Upon our hearts, as on Death's ashes urned,
Is written deep that saddening word of woe,—
The name of Love, that daily must be read.
Over his altar the dark veil we throw,
And close the shrine now its high priest is fled.
We have lost faith in love, we can but show
In every act our faith in love is dead.

WHO CAN TELL?

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

Who can tell when the Winter is coming?
Who can tell when the Summer is going?
We go to sleep when the roses are blooming,
We wake and we find it snowing.

Who can tell when the Winter is going?
Who can tell when the Summer is coming?
We go to sleep when the tempests are blowing,
We wake and the bees are humming.

AD ILLAM.

BY E. W. SOUTHWORTH, '75.

Not mine the power to sound thy name
 In stately song or moving story,
 To gild it with the poet's fame,
 To crown it with the singer's glory ;
 It is not mine with honied phrase
 Of longing, or of love, to move thee,—
 My heart it's all before thee lays :
 Alas! it can but love thee.

Not mine the warrior's fadeless wreath
 Of laurels plucked in Death's grim valley,
 Nor sword, still dreaming in its sheath
 Of its last, wild, victorious sally ;
 Poor are the offerings that I bring ;
 I have no crown to set above thee,
 No laurels at thy feet to fling,—
 Alas! I can but love thee.

To feel the songs I cannot sing,
 To strive for fame beyond my gaining,
 To miss the joy, to find the sting,
 Yet smile, unmoved and uncomplaining,
 Forever helpless hands to strain,
 With useless clutch, at heights above me,—
 Such is my lot, yet sweet its pain,
 If thou wouldst deign to love me.

The song of birds, the sigh of trees,
The last, faint flush of evening tender,
The soft caresses of the breeze,
The ocean's smile, the sunrise-splendor—
With all I knew of sweet or fair,
In sky or earth, my thoughts enwove thee;
Thy smile was heaven, thy name a prayer;
How could I choose but love thee?

I love thee. In that word alone
Lies all my claim to love returning;
And still must live, though hope be flown,
A deathless love, a deathless yearning.
Ah, couldst thou bend thy radiant face,
Lit with an answering love, above me,
What joy would gild my darkened days,—
If thou wouldst only love me.

MAY-DAWN.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

A tender beauty of the early day,
 A morning's blush ;
A phebe and a linnet singing gay
 Among the brush,
A lark up-soaring, trilling forth her lay
 In one wild gush
Of song, a robin on a maple spray,
 A wren and thrush ;
Then on the choir that greets the sun's first ray
 There falls a hush ;
And all that makes dawn lovely fades away
 In noonday's flush.

GERTRUDE O' THE VALE.

BY. W. H. UPTON, '77.

Wi' mellow ray the moon shone bright
 Upon a scene o' beauty rare ;
 The flowery braes, half shade, half light,
 The arbor, rose-entwined wi' care.
 Saft zephyrs whispered thro' the trees,
 The night bird's song enriched the breeze,
 The vauntie brook wi' amorous tones
 Spoke love and kissed the embracing stones,
 Whiles Gertie, sitting by my side,
 Wi' pleasure listened to my tale ;
 Whiles Gertie vowed to be my bride,
 My own sweet Gertrude o' the Vale.

* * * * * *
 The moon wi' clouded face glints down
 Upon a scene whence joy has fled ;
 The arbor stands, but lone and brown ;
 The ourie vine hangs sere and dead.
 The owl sits whingin' to her brood,
 The bat flits by in search of food,
 A crow caws mournfully on high,
 A bittern craiks his eldritch cry ;
 The fir trees mutter in the dark,
 An' from the hills aboon the dale
 Point out wi' fingers lang and stark
 The grave o' Gertrude o' the Vale.

JUNE AND DECEMBER.

BY C. F. CHAPIN, '77.

JUNE.

A simple tale I have to tell,
 While lost within the mazes
 Of violet and heather-bell,
 Of buttercups and daisies.

She turns aside; a joyous tear
 Is on the face she raises.
 A word she says—I sadly fear
 'Tis lost amid the daisies.

And now we plight eternal love,
 Whate'er the Future's phases—
 The sapphire sky so pure above,
 Beneath our feet the daisies.

DECEMBER.

To-night I've seen my love once more ;
 A city sang her praises,
 Mad with the heliotropes she wore,—
 Ah, once I offered daisies.

“ Oh, love, so soon can you forget
 (Now in my eyes she gazes)
 The words you said when once we met,
 Last Summer midst the daisies ? ”

“ That summer day is past, ” she said ;
 “ The winter snow effaces
 The memory of the love. 'Tis dead ;
 And dead are all the daisies. ”

LAKE SALTONSTALL.

AFTER THE RACE.

BY J. H. VAN BUREN, '73.

The last, faint, lingering foot-fall dies away ;
 The echoing shout is heard no more ;
 The ripples that around the keel did play,
 Have told their story on the shore.
 And now the hill, that from its woody throat
 Gave back to-day the eager call
 And shout to winning and to vanquished boat,
 Smiles grimly down on Saltonstall.

Thee, gentle lake, whose seldom troubled breast
 Seems heaving as with sorrow now,
 To-day a hundred feathery oars caressed,
 And wreathed with rippling smiles thy brow.
 To-day a thousand friends stood on yon shore,
 To-night departed one and all ;
 They think, deserted lake, of thee no more,
 Nor care for lonely Saltonstall.

What secrets in thy silent breast are locked !
 Couldst thou but speak in accents clear,
 What sight of manly grief by triumph mocked,
 What purposes that knew no fear,
 What hopes, despairs, and wild victorious glee
 Would on the slumbering echoes call,
 Till night swift chased by rosy morn should flee,
 And leave thee, fairest Saltonstall.

WAITING THE TURN.

BY L. D. BRADLEY, '77.

With scarce a ripple at our bow,
 Slow dropping with the tide we rest,
 Brushing the low o'erhanging bough,
 And shaded from the glowing west,
 That draws its orange mantle now
 Across the soft brown river's breast.

She, slightly wearied at the oar,
 Now has the after-thwart, and I,
 Being weary too, the other four:
 The trailing weeds move slowly by,
 And dimmer grows the distant shore
 Off where the purpling vapors lie.

And I am thinking, as I gaze
 Towards that after-thwart, how we
 Have drifted through these summer days:
 And vainly, too, it seems to me.
 For even in this golden haze
 The river lengthens endlessly.

Lengthens and winds, until I fear
 That I am sadly wiser grown,
 Finding what seemed at first so near
 Drifts as I drift; and, faintly blown,
 A far off murmur thrills my ear,—
 May be the distant breakers' moan.

Enough of this ; so I propose
We row for home. ' No, she demurs :
Likes drifting well enough, and knows
The tide soon turns, and much prefers
Ebbing along until it flows ;
" See there—the shore line hardly stirs."

Pause. " Now will you ever learn
The ways of tide and wind and weather ?
Just keep your seats, leave me the stern,
Don't bother me about my ' feather,'
But wait until the tide comes in
And then we two'll drift back together."

AT THE SHORE.

Where slope the stern New England hills
To meet the belt of shining sand
That forms the threshold of the land,
Where the old ocean foams, and fills
Each inlet with its breakers white,
That dash and roar in fierce delight,

Standing alone in stately pride,
The monarchs of the forest race,
Perfect in grandeur and in grace,
Four elm trees on the green hill side,
With waving, wind-tossed branches spread
A rustling canopy o'erhead.

Here, when the summer zephyrs sang
Of health and peace and happiness,
And Nature, in her fond caress,
Enfolded all, while joyous rang
The heart's short echo of content,
A few bright weeks we quickly spent.

By day, we watched the billows break,
And saw the white sails pass from view
Across the margin of the blue
That seemed the boundary to make
Of all things that we call our own,
A death's door to the vast unknown.

By night, we watched the firelight gleam
Upon the foliage of the trees,
Or listened to the rustling breeze,

And fancied, as it were in dream,
The breakers dashing on the land,
A choir of some cathedral grand ;

Or, tired of silence, some one told
A legend of forgotten days,
Filled with the curious thoughts and ways
That ages past have loved to hold,
Or sought the mystery to trace
That clung around our resting place.

Here, in the old colonial times,
The witches met on many a night,
And, dancing in the firelight,
Sang with a laugh their mystic rhymes ;
And, in the moonbeam's doubtful sheen,
Full many a gliding ghost was seen.

Here had the war-whoop fiercely rung ;
And here the peace pipe's smoke had curled
Toward heaven, asking on the world
A blessing ; and the dirge was sung
For many a warrior here, where, save
The mound that marked an Indian grave,

All spake of peace and happy rest,
Not in the grave, but joyous, light,
Careless, untrammelled as a spright ;
Except when the tossing breaker's crest,
Stopped in its course, with sullen roar
Growled out its spite along the shore.

Yet round the place a spell was cast,
Or seemed to be ; an undertone

Of sadness, like a low, soft moan,
 Was sometimes heard, as when, in th' last
 Of Indian-Summer's sad, sweet days,
 Through barren boughs the wild wind plays.

But still, the mystery unknown
 To all remained, as day by day
 With hurrying footsteps fled away,
 Leaving with us this gift alone,
 The memory of happy hours,
 A wreath of Time's fast fading flowers.

But when the one last evening came,
 We heard a gently murmured strain
 That, echoing from each heart again,
 Gave back the burden still the same,
 "When the future turns to past,
 Say, O say! will friendship last?"

"Fades the Springtide's freshest green,
 Summer days to Autumn turn,
 And the frost-touched forests burn
 Scarcely ere the snows are seen;
 When the flowers withered lie,
 Will not, too, our friendships die?"

"Flows the river to the sea,
 And, as constant as the tide,
 Stands the mountain at its side;
 Shall we find our friends to be,
 When to-morrow fleets away,
 Just as true as yesterday?"

THY MERCY.

[AFTER SWINBURNE.]

BY F. D. ROOT, '72.

Thou hast covered thy people with sorrow ;
 Thou hast tainted our joy and our mirth
 With the fear of a fateful to-morrow ;
 Thou hast cursed us from birth.

Thou hast given us love, but the treasure
 Is tarnished with rust and with stain.
 Thou hast fed us with promise of pleasure ;
 Thou hast given us pain.

Thou hast filled us with passionate yearning,
 With desires that unceasingly war ;
 Thou hast showed us a freedom worth earning ;
 Thou hast bound us with law.

Thou hast given us life, but our sleeping
 Is poisoned with waking ; our breath
 Is freighted with sighing and weeping.
 Thou hast given us death.

Rich gift to thy children who languish !
 Sweet rest for them under the sod !
 Thou hast granted release from our anguish,
 Most merciful God !

“ONLY ONE KILLED.”

BY J. A. BURR, '71.

“Only one killed,” raise to heaven the shout,
 Carried the enemy's frowning redoubt.
 Back rolls the smoke; the struggle is o'er;
 Waves the old banner triumphant once more.
 Tell, through the land, there's a victory won,
 Tell of the valorous deeds that were done,
 Bid each true heart with rejoicing be filled;
 Conquered the traitor, and “Only one killed.”

“Only one killed,” so the message sped on,
 Thought not of rest while its work was undone.
 Far in the North, where the mid-summer rills
 Dash, in mad frolic, down granite-ribbed hills,
 It stopped at the gate of a farm-house old,
 To the gray-haired inmates its tidings told,
 But how quickly their joyous emotions are stilled.
 'Twas their darling boy, the “Only one killed.”

“Only one killed,” but that one was their joy,
 A fond mother's idol, her first-born boy,
 And a mother's tears, and a mother's sighs,
 Told how costly had been the sacrifice.
 But the gray-haired father, with breaking heart,
 Thanked God that his boy played no coward's part,
 And meekly bore what stern Providence willed,
 Yet secretly wept o'er the “Only one killed.”

"Only one killed;" To a cottage so small
 That it scarcely was seen through the elm trees tall,
 At whose old-fashioned door a white rose bush stands,
 That is taught to climb by yet whiter hands,—
 To a fair-haired girl, on whose cheek the tint
 Of the rosy morn left its soft imprint,
 Whose bright, blue eye seemed with sunlight filled,
 Came the sad, sad story of "Only one killed."

"Only one killed!" See the rich color fly
 Back from her cheek;—in that gentle blue eye
 Tears find no place, but a cold, stony stare
 Tells of a wound that the heart cannot bear.
 What careth she though a hundred remain?
 They cannot bring back her lover again.
 Gone from a lifetime its brightness—all gone,
 Buried down deep when they buried that "one."

AT TWILIGHT.

BY HENRY BALDWIN, '71.

Soft shadows gather in the clefts
That scar the mountain's sloping side,
Among whose breezy, storm-rent pines
The mists of evening creep and hide.

And swung within the fading blue
Burns one great star with steady glow,
Its fainter image glimmering
Deep in the rippled lake below.

Here in the tangled thicket's gloom
A wood-thrush warbles. Hark! how faint
The answer from some dell remote,
Where his lost mate makes sad complaint!

A boat draws near, a laughing girl
With light stroke turns it to the land.
The waves, with snowy bubbles flecked,
Leap up to kiss each toiling hand.

She sings a merry air that floats
And dies along the dewy shores.
Now listening sits; the sliding drops
Drip tinkling from her lifted oars.

Still glow the stars, the birds sing on,
But I am dumb, I know not why;
Oh, quick voiced echo of the hills,
Must you be first to make reply?

A TOAST.

BY W. R. BEACH, '70.

Landlord, fill up once more each cup,
 One toast while day is dawning!
 We drink to Death, whose icy breath
 May chill us ere the morning.

We pledge not Life; 'tis ever rife
 With toil, and pain, and sorrow,
 And though to-day be ne'er so gay .
 There may be grief to-morrow.

For storms arise in fairest skies,
 And clouds the heavens curtain,
 There is no joy without alloy,
 And naught but Death is certain.

Then drink to him, that monarch grim,
 King Death, who o'er us reigneth;
 Thy life and mine, like this bright wine,
 E'en now perchance he draineth.

IN THE VALLEY.

BY HENRY BALDWIN, '71.

Here 's the foot-path through the meadow, turning
as it nears the hill ;

Down below I hear the water hurrying by the an-
cient mill.

Elm trees arch their branches o'er it, and at every
breeze they toss

Golden leaves upon the shingles, weather stained
and green with moss.

Peering through the narrow window, I can see the
toil within,

Ghostly forms that rise and vanish 'mid the darkness
and the din.

If a sunbeam chance to enter, deeper yet the gloom
becomes,

Deeper yet the shadows gather where the great
wheel creaks and hums.

At the door the farmers gossip, waiting for their
loads of grain ;

Overhead the pigeons hover, circling down the dusty
lane.

Here 's the mill-pond, black and sluggish, where the
timid herons hide,

Forests climb the banks above it, shutting in on
either side.

Breezy birches fringe its borders, sturdy oak trees
o'er it lean ;
Through the leaves, when quick winds stir them,
now and then, blue hills are seen.

Here 's the race, whose dusky waters gurgle softly as
they flow,
Scarcely are th' o'erhanging flowers mirrored in the
depths below.

How the bubbles dance and shimmer, breaking as
the slow wheel turns,
How the spray gleams in the sunlight, falling on the
waving ferns!

There, across the green embankment, noisily the
brook comes down,
Winding swiftly through the rushes and the alder
copses brown.

Well I know that in its courses, underneath the
branches cool,
There is many a sandy basin, many a broad and quiet
pool.

There we bathed, do you remember? set our mimic
fleets a-sail,
Every change to us eventful, every turn of tide and
gale.

Saw them meet the surges bravely, safely pass the
marshy bend,
And at last among the eddies come to an untimely
end.

There the minnows led their armies, bright of eye
and swift of fin,
Wary of the tempting dainties dropped them on each
crooked pin.

From those rocky ledges yonder, patiently we fished
for trout,
Doomed to wait and hope and sorrow, faith soon
giving place to doubt.

Here, at noon, we urchins rested, 'neath the bending
apple trees;
Rarer fruit, we thought, was never ripened by the
tropic seas.

And the berries on the hill-side; ne'er were berries
sweet as those,
Where we lingered in the twilight, staining hands
and tearing clothes.

Will it seem as fair, I wonder, as it did in days of
yore,
When the old mill falls in ruins, and the brook is
free once more.

Drifting snows will fill the doorway, through the
shattered windows steal;
Tangled vines creep o'er the threshold, mosses clog
the useless wheel.

We shall miss the honest miller, joking o'er the tardy
grain,
And the flock of eager pigeons fluttering down the
dusty lane.

Yet the winds of Spring will rustle in the leaves, as
soft and low,
Sweet as ever in the thickets will the summer roses
blow.

And the voices of the waters still will call us as they
run,
Still the waves will flash and glitter, hurrying onward
in the sun.

THE SKATERS.

BY F. A. SCOTT, '69.

A winter morning! Rose the winter sun
 With eager rays, that sought the glooms of night
 And routed them. Then broke day halcyon.
 Ah! will its gloaming gladden as its light?

Down a river, sinuous, broad,
 Streams, in joyous health, a crowd
 Skating on the icy glare
 In youth's ecstasy;
 Pirouetting hither, there—
 Incarnated glee!

'Midst the motly and the rude
 Glide the graceful and the good.
 On! the throng, and little heeds
 One fallen, heavy-laden;
 Kindlier, to the rescue speeds
 A youth—and here, a maiden.

Each with other's act of grace
 Pleased, each seeks the other face;
 Manly daring, frankness, truth—
 Woman's eyes of beauty
 Light with hope and moist with ruth—
 Calm and clear with duty.

“Tender, slender maiden-feet,
 Will they not, though brave and fleet,
 Falter 'mid the merry noise,

The stress, the rugged places?
 Linked arms and steadier poise;
 Surer, mated paces."

Irksome check such feet would keep
 On the bounding manhood's sweep.
 Yet—who knows? A woman's eye
 Quicklier may discover
 Where the greedy ice-flaws lie
 Lurking for her lover.

"To yon City on the hill
 Lies my journey."
 "Thou shalt still
 Keep thy journeying. So thou please,
 We will go together
 Through mischances, through sweet ease,
 Rough or pleasant weather."

Steel-blades strike in harmony
 Ringing tunes. In love's great glee
 Wildly glad, they onward wend,
 Hand tight clasping hand,
 Down the river's crystal trend
 To the Shining Strand.

Sped and fled, the laughing sun!—
 Ere the day is half-way done
 Burst the heavens in viald wrath.
 Faint through storm-racked skies,
 While they grope their darkling path,
 Hope's fair turrets rise.

Hard bestead they cleave the wind ;
 Fainting, wrestling, tempest-blind,
 Scarce they breast the awful blast.

Her in tender pity
 Love puissant shields. At last
 From out the gloom—the City!

Lures them now no wayside rest,
 Daunts no more the dangerous quest.
 On the rocking, crumbling crust
 Scarce their footsteps print ;
 From the Beacon of their trust
 Cloudy splendors glint.

Skating still at evening's gray
 On their darkening, brightening way,
 Home-lights beckon o'er the Wall ;
 While through the chilling air
 Silently the snow-flakes fall,
 Making white their hair.

Underneath the City's height,
 Skates unloosed ; through gathering night,
 From the river up the steep
 Each to other clings.
 Tender, mutual memories keep
 Love's long wanderings.

Forever ended! Rest for utmost need
 Waits but to welcome. Lo! with jubilant speed
 The opening portals flash a glory bright.
 For them, "At evening time it shall be light."

JEANNE D'ARC.

BY H. A. BEERS, '69.

Past midnight long! The moon hath set;
 I heard the cock an hour ago.
 Still dark! no glimpse of dawn as yet,
 Though morning winds begin to blow.
 Dear Lord, how swift the time goes by!
 There's something in the air that rings—
 Listen!—a whirring as of wings—
 The myriad moments as they fly.
 O fold me in thine arms, sweet night;
 Sweet pitying darkness, longer stay,
 And veil me from the cruel light
 That creeps to steal my life away.

Lo! even now the waning stars
 Grow pale. The matin bell doth toll:
 Prisoned like me by casement bars,
 It wakes sad echoes in my soul.
 For memories woven in the braid
 Of sound, bring back the abbey bell
 That wont to ring when twilight fell,
 Through pastures where my childhood strayed,
 What time, when flocks were in the fold,
 Saint Agnes and Saint Catharine
 Looked from the darkening heavens cold,
 And wondrous Voices spake with mine.

Slow-winding Meuse, I would that still,
 Along thy grassy valleys deep,
 Or half-way up some neighboring hill,
 I heard the bleat of simple sheep.

It might not be: Cassandra-wise
 I caught in dreams the din of shields;
 Far trumpets blown on tented fields
 Summoned to deeds of high emprise.
 Sweet household cheer was not for me;
 The pleasant hum of spinning-wheel,
 And children's prattle at my knee—
 The bliss that lowly mothers feel.

My spirit winged to bolder flights,
 Drawn skyward in ecstatic dreams—
 An eagle on the lonely heights,
 No ringdove haunting woodland streams.
 O solemn joy! O blessed trance,
 That seized me when the drums did roll,
 And chanting priests in hood and stole
 Led on the bannered hosts of France!

In battle winds above me blown
 Fit sign for maiden chevalier—
 White lilies streamed, and round me shone
 Strange lights, and Voices filled my ear

Foretelling victory, saying "Ride!

Ride onward, mailed in conquering might.
 God's legions muster on thy side
 To stead thee in the coming fight."

When swords were sheathed and bows unstrung,
 What visions awed me as I kneeled,
 While down long aisles Te Deums pealed,
 And such triumphant anthems rung,

As Miriam, on the Red Sea shore,
 Exulting to the timbrel's sound,
 Sung, when amid the loud waves' roar
 Chariot and horse and rider drowned!

Ay me! 'Tis past; the battle's won;
 The Warrior breaks His useless brand.

Yet even so: His will be done

Who holdeth victory in His hand.

I know that ere the sun is high,
 On housetop, wall, and balcony,
 Children will clap their hands with glee,
 To see the "Witch of Orleans" die;

And women flout me in the face
 Who erst have crossed them at my name,
 When in the gazing market-place
 My flesh shall feed the hungry flame.

'Twere fit that guns should boom my knell,
 Flags droop and funeral music roll;
 And through high minster vaults should swell
 Sad requiems for my parted soul.
 Crowned kings should kneel beside me dead;
 Cathedral saints on storied panes,
 Where daylight turns to ruby stains,
 Should shed their halos round my head.

From nooks in arches twilight-dim,
 And niches in the pictured wall,
 Stone Christs and carven cherubim
 Should look upon my broidered pall.

Alas! for me nor passing bell,
 Nor priest to shrive, nor nun to pray.
 But rising smoke my death shall tell,
 And whistling flames my masses say.
 And if among the jeering crowd
 Some lonely, beggared knight-at-arms
 There be, who once in war's alarms

Hath seen me when the storm was loud,
 And followed where my banner led,
 He shall my only mourner be,
 And from his pitying eyes shall shed
 A soldier's tears for love of me.

O holy Mary, stead me then—
 A simple maid whose heart may fail:
 I would not these grim Island men
 Should smile to see my cheek grow pale.
 And yet what fairer winding-sheet
 Than martyrs' flame? What church-yard mould
 More consecrated dust can hold?
 What missal claspeth words more sweet
 To dying ears, than those he spake?
 "Blessed are they—yea, doubly blest,—
 Who suffer death for my dear sake.
 For them bright crowns and endless rest."

The night is spent. The early gray
 Warms into sunrise in the skies;
 The sunrise of eternal day—
 The threshold steps of Paradise.
 'Tis written, "After storm comes shine;"
 Fierce and more fierce the fires may burn,
 But as my limbs to ashes turn,
 My soul, O Lord, shall mix with Thine.
 Even as yonder trembling star
 Melts into morning's golden sea,
 So, rapt through heavenly spaces far,
 Shall this poor life be lost in Thee.

THE IVY AND MYRTLE.

Where does ivy love to cling?
 On a marble temple's walls,
 Where a thousand voices ring,
 And ceaseless footsteps throng the halls?
 Where untiring fountains spring,
 Where the magic window's might
 Filters rainbows out of light,
 There, where merry birds will sing,
 There does ivy love to cling?

No: but over ruined piles,
 Falling towers and mouldered stones,
 Where the restless cypress moans,
 Dimming sun and starlight-smiles;
 Where the bat, on ghostly wing,
 Glides along the crumbling dome,
 Where the owl has made its home,
 There, where creaking casements swing,
 There the ivy loves to cling.

Where does myrtle love to creep?
 In a bed of painted flowers,
 In some sunny hollow deep,
 In some cultured garden's bowers?
 There, where lovers watches keep,
 Where the happy lovers sit,
 Where the merry insects flit,
 There, where merry breezes sweep,
 There does myrtle love to creep?

No : the myrtle loves to creep
 Over darker, sadder ground,
Where low-bending willows weep,
 And sad the sighing breezes sound.
Over every ruined heap,
 Over graves of buried friends,
 There, where human grandeur ends,
There, where sound and sunshine sleep,
The dark-eyed myrtle loves to creep.

So, our memory fondest holds
 To ruined hopes, to buried bliss,
Wraps them in its closest folds,
 Clothes them green in cheerfulness.

LOTUS EATING.

BY H. A. BEERS, '69.

Come up once more before mine eyes,
 Sweet halcyon days, warm summer-sea,
 Faint orange of the morning skies
 And dark-lined shores upon the lee!
 Touched with the sunrise, sea and sky
 All still on Memory's canvas lie:
 The scattered isles with India ink
 Dot the wide back-ground's gold and pink:
 Unstirring in the Sunday calm,
 Their profile cedars sharply drawn,
 Bold black against the flushing dawn,
 Take shape like clumps of tropic palm;
 Night shadows still the distance dim
 (Ultra-marine) where ocean's brim
 Upholdeth the horizon-rim.

Once more in thought we seem to creep
 By lonely reefs where sea-birds scream,
 Ulysses-like, along the deep
 Borne onward in the ocean stream.
 The sea-floor spreadeth glassy still;
 No breath the idle sail doth fill;
 Our oar-blades smite the heavy seas;
 Under the world the morning breeze
 Treads with the sun the unknown ways.
 Thus steer we o'er the solemn main
 Eating the Lotus-fruit again,
 Dreaming that time forever stays,
 Singing "Where, Absence, is thy sting!"
 Listening to hear our echoes ring
 Through the far rocks where Sirens sing.

A MEMORY.

BY H. A. BEERS, '69.

I came across the marsh to-night,
And, though the wind was cold,
I stayed a moment on the bridge
To note the paly gold

That lingered on the darkening bay;
The creek which ran below
Was frozen dumb; the dreary flats
Were overspread with snow.

The college bell began to ring,
And as the north wind blew
Its distant janglings out to sea,
I thought, dear Friend, of you;

And how one warm September day,
While yet the woods were green,
We strayed across the happy hills
And this wide marsh between.

The hay-stacks dotted here and there
The water-meadows wide:
The level lines of sluices black
Were filling with the tide.

Then this salt stream, now winter-bound,
Fled softly through the sedge,
Retreating from the sparkling Sound;
And there along its edge

We strolled, and marked the far-off sloops,
And watched the cattle graze.
O'erhead the swallows rushed in troops,
While, bright with purple haze,

West Rock looked down the winding plain—
Ah! this was long ago ;
The Summer's gone, and you are gone,
As everything must go.

THE OLD BOY.

BY D. N. BEACH, '72.

I like to see a busy man,
 On whom the years are stealing,
 Offset the silver in his hair
 By store of boyish feeling.

I like to hear his merry song,
 When he is out a-teaming ;
 His cheery whistle on the road,
 When winter stars are gleaming.

I like his converse with his dogs,
 His jokes unto his cattle,
 His grave discoursings with his geese,
 His joy in children's prattle ;

His fondness yet for blind-man's-buff,
 And holding yarn for winding ;
 And, when the handkerchief is hid,
 His acumen in finding ;

And, when he sits as forfeit judge,
 The way his writs are laden
 With just the fittest things to do
 For every timid maiden.

III

I like to watch his lover ways,
And how his eyes are lighted
Whene'er they meet his lady's eyes :
Few dream that he is knighted.

And most, I like to hear him pray
His child-like supplication :
Ah me ! the dear old boy hath guessed
The secret of salvation.

THE UNSAID.

BY D. N. BEACH, '72.

Well is the ardent lover's praise
Of graces in his lady found ;
But she is blest whose life is crowned
With praises said in silent ways.

And he may well espouse a cause
Whose words and deeds advance its sway ;
But better he whose silent way
Is eloquence beyond applause.

And he best lives whose life is led
In silent channels dark and deep,
That well their inmost counsels keep,—
Whose holiest things are left unsaid.

THE ANSWER.

BY R. A. RICE, '68.

It's come at last, the question boded long;
 So long in coming, I did think 'twould stay
 Always. Poor fool and blind! as if the strong,
 Unerring certainties of life did weigh
 So little in the balances of hope.

But now I am adrift and only cling
 To memories of the past, and darkly grope
 Through gloom and doubt to faith's clear opening.
 Just when my soul had risen out of grief
 To know the freedom of a life of love,
 Had swept away the dust of unbelief,

And through the parted clouds saw light above—
 And must I then go back to what I was,

To struggle up again, by paths o'ergrown
 With tangled briars of cast-off aims, because
 Thou leavest me to walk through life alone?
 But who am I? what is there I can claim?

What right have I to urge my hopes on those
 Whose hopes and fears are not at all the same?

The current of whose life in quiet flows
 To restful seas; while mine not smoothly glides,
 'Neath clouded skies, o'er rocks and shallows, till
 It meets at last the high, incoming tides

Of Thought and Life—the Ocean of the Will.
 I know how vain it was, but yet the heart

Cannot forego to look upon the side
 That seems the brighter, while the rays that dart
 From it, are augur'd for the whole,—they hide

The darker—and we dare not look behind.

I fondly hoped that sometime we might stand
Together by the sea, and watch the wind

Roll up the waves, all hoar with foam, to land,
And feel that storm and calm to us were but

Grand symphonies in different keys; or on
The mountain top, whose granite faces cut [don

The clear, blue sky, while field and cloud should
Their brightest hues, the morning sun to greet;

Or wander in the meadows, picking flowers;
Or by the river's bank, on grassy seat,

To watch the blossoms, fallen after showers,
Drifting away; or once again to float,

While the soft sunshine glimmers on the sea,
At close of summer day, in our light boat.

I thought, too, in the winter nights, that we
Might read together from the poets rare,

Or sit before the cozy fire and talk
Of future joys and past, of places, where—

But why fill up the tale with hopes that mock
The very longing? Suffering is sure.

The grandest thought of sorrow is that in
Its furnace fires our hearts may grow more pure.

Men rise from out their griefs, nobler within,
And by them stretch out stronger hands to reach
The Infinite.

The blow is not yet here;
Whene'er it falls I firmly trust 't will teach
Me to be calm and still and free from fear.

The light of higher possibilities
Just dawning o'er my soul, unfelt before,
May all be dimmed and I may fail to seize

The one decisive hour, that comes no more—

And life be henceforth fighting 'gainst my fate.
What will it harm? God's grand designs will be
Fulfilled as well—I can but stand and wait
The brighter dawning of eternity.

Yet though our little boat must strike the rocks,

And go to pieces on the shore, when we
Had gained a view of stiller seas, where shocks
Of storms are rarely felt, it must not be
Resigned to waves to bear away and drown;
I'll build a drift-wood fire, and in my heart
The flames shall glow, and keep the hot tears down.
The ashes of my hope shall cure the smart!

INSOMNIA.

Last night a terror seized me, sleeping ;
 I, trembling, waked, and upright leaping,
 Sat harkening in the gloom.
 The night without was wild with snow,
 The lonesome winds moaned to and fro,
 Dim fire-light lit the room.

A piteous sound of sobbing, sobbing,
 The leaden beat of sad hearts throbbing,
 Surged through the half-shut door.
 Vague whispering voices filled the air,
 Uncertain steps came up the stair,
 And paced the creaking floor.

And they were shades of olden time,
 Haunting by night their buried prime,
 And sudden one sang low :

“ I am aweary, aweary ;
 All day long I sigh,
 And all the world has grown so dreary
 I care not when I die.

“ The world cares not for me,
 I care not for the world ;
 I would my sail were furled
 Safe from the angry sea.

“ Oh, not for such as I
 Is ever joy or calm.
 Death is the only balm ;
 I pray that I may die.

“I may not break the bond
That holds my gloomy life;
I dare not end the strife;
Who knows what lies beyond?”

And then another took the strain;
But still of all the sad refrain
Was suffering and woe.

So all night long I heard them weeping,
Like as the measured sound of reaping
Comes through the autumn corn;
And all life's mystery I knew.
Pale and more pale the darkness grew,
Till eastward bloomed the morn.

“BARKIS IS WILLIN’.”

The tide was flowing out,—past the old wrecks
 Of mastless boats, half buried in the sand;
 And little sobbing wavelets left their flecks
 Of foam upon the strand.

And all along the shore the ripples curled,
 The tiny rills ran down the beach in glee,
 Each farther than the last, the eddies swirled,
 And hastened to the sea.

The tide was flowing out,—and so the life
 Was ebbing in the breast of Barkis there;
 Beside him watched that honest, faithful wife,
 Whose love was now a prayer.

And yet so gently throbbed the fainting pulse,
 It seemed as if the heart no answer gave,
 As calm as when the leaves of scarlet dulse
 Float on the sleeping wave.

The tide was nearly out, but still the red
 Flush came at times.—“If he shall pass this tide,
 I think he’ll live until the next,” she said;
 “And why is that?” I cried.

“The folk along the coast can never die,
 Except at ebb; nor e’en the babes be born,
 Or truly born, until the tide is high;
 ’Twill be next ebb at morn.”

He passed the tide ; and through the long, dark night
 We watched and waited. Slowly the old clock
 Ticked round the hours before the spirit's flight
 At the Death Angel's knock.

But with the first, dim streaks of early dawn
 He woke, and feebly called her name. "There's
 some
 One else." A smile o'erspread his features wan.
 "Here's Mas'r Davy come."

He tried to grasp my hand, but ere the smile
 Had faded, turn'd himself upon his side,
 And gently said, "Barkis is willin'," while
 He went out with the tide.

The sun, just risen, shone across the sea
 Into the old man's face ; a kindly ray
 Reflected from the soul, forever free,
 Upon its homeward way.

The tide was out, and o'er the lessen'd deep
 The faintest shadow of a ripple flew,
 A shudder as of grief, then sunk to sleep,
 Lost in the distant blue.

CHRISTMAS CANDY.

I like the customs of our English sires,
 Of Yule-Logs huge, and blazing Christmas fires ;
 While redly green, in bright reflected glow,
 With mystic meaning hangs the mistletoe.
 Oft I regret how little here remains,
 Spared by our hasty zeal and Puritanic pains.

I think that man has much whereof to boast
 Whom Christmas finds guest of an English host,
 Whose solid roots transplanting could not spoil,
 To whom yet clings the rich, old English soil,
 With its ancestral customs ; at his feet there purls
 The rippling laughter of his merry English girls.

But such are rare ; so give me next instead
 Some one for host *New* England born and bred.
 While forth he drives upon the crackling frost,
 And past the brook on icy surface crossed,
 To choose, from out a dozen pairs or more,
 The brightest skates whose lines festoon the village
 store.

His careful wife his slippers works o'erhead,
 The younger children safe are stowed in bed,
 Dreaming that socks fit for Goliath's leg
 Hang filled with candy on the crackling peg.
 Then Cousin Sue says : " John, I guess you're handy,
 So come down stairs and help me make the Christ-
 mas candy."

Curious you watch as forth, with careless grace,
 She draws the "fixings" from their lurking place,
 But half resent as round your willing neck
 She pins the apron, white without a fleck,
 Then seeks again the plenteous household stores,
 And the rich, unctuous, thick molasses deftly pours.

"Ah, some one's come! John, mind and stir it well,
 I'll run up stairs and see who's rung the bell."
 You seize the spoon; betimes you give a stir,
 And for the rest you sit and think of her.
 "Perhaps some other cousin has arrived;
 Consoling thought; his family are not long lived."

And "as you muse the fire burns" brightly up,
 The candy swells; where is the tasting cup?
 No matter; still you sit and calmly think,—
 The candy rises to the very brink;
 While you're employed on pleasant thoughts and
 strange
 The fractious candy bubbles over on the range.

Down comes your cousin with light tripping feet,
 Suspicious odors her quick senses greet,
 "Why John," affairs take a delightful turn,
 "Why *John!* how *did* you let the candy burn?"
 "Oh, it isn't *burned*: it's only running over."
 "Why didn't you stir it more and set it on a cover?"

Say you "I surely thought I did, my love,
 We'll have it right again though yet, by Jove!"
 A blush, a frown,—you take the gentle warning,

“What did I say, my love? I went by,—morning.”
 And now so thick that it will scarcely run,
 By all traditionary rules the candy's done.

And so it is: how brittle-like it breaks,
 And scatters round in fine-dividing flakes.
 You pour it out into the ready pans,
 From thence it seeks her white and glistening hands,
 But all in vain; it finds no sticking place,
 And yet she has forgot her unprotected face.

They who besiege a city storm the towers,
 There they direct th' incessant iron showers;
 These once reduced,—their stout defenders slain,
 Plunder the rosy fruit and golden grain.
 If that the hands be tied, what can resist,
 Will not the golden hair be smoothed, the red cheeks
 kissed?

I cannot tell whether they will or no,
 I merely say I think it might be so,
 But if 'tis asked how best to meet th' occasion
 Advise a prompt and strict retaliation,—
 Whether the advice be taken or be shirked,
 At all events the cooling candy must be worked.

Each takes a piece, but you are much the stronger,
 Harder your muscles, and your arms the longer;
 Your piece grows lighter, like her shining hair,
 Her's like to that which you in masses wear;
 Mingle them, still the color is the same,
 Yours is the sombre shadow, hers the gleaming flame;

(Flame *is* a pretty color; though we parrots
Call that *fire-red* which looks much more like car-
rots.)

Put them together,—the two pieces one,
The toilsome work is only just begun ;
Full many a time the candy must be stretched,
As many times the lengthening end be backward
fetched.

It grows more cold,—a lighter color bears,
Sue's mother's voice is heard upon the stairs ;
“ Children, what's all this noise and laughing fun ?
Haven't you yet the candy almost done ?
It seems quite brittle as you turn it back,
For every single time I hear a smothered crack .”

So it is laid on tables and pulled straight,
Then it is cut upon the shining plate,
These are extended in a goodly row,
And set to harden where the North winds blow.
The children all declare it can't be beaten ;
The pleasant memories last long after the candy's
eaten.

THE YOUNGLING YEAR.

The Youngling Year, with hesitating tread,
Advances still to regions new and dread;
Nothing he sees but darkness; nothing knows;
Faints in his heart, yet whistles as he goes.

*

I WAIT FOR THEE.

BY E. R. SILL, '61.

Calmly the night comes down on all the land,
Faintly the twilight glimmers o'er the sea,
Sadly the lingering ripples kiss the sand,
So sad I pace the beach and wait for thee.

Soft steal the muffled inland echoes here,
A sound of church-bells trembles on the lea,—
So softly, muffled memories meet the ear,
And seem to mock me as I wait for thee.

Solemnly still the great, calm stars glow on,
And all the broad fair heaven leans silently,
While slumberous Ocean's undulous undertone
Still whispers to me as I wait for thee.

Upon the strand where life's loud surges beat,
My footsteps follow where my hope must be;
The dull, long days and nights break at my feet—
Must I forever, weeping, wait for thee?

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

I see it now, as years ago; within the open door
 The broken streams of sunshine throw bright ripples
 on the floor;
 The vine-leaves varying shadows trace; from mead-
 ows newly mown
 The fragrance-bearing breezes pass the schoolhouse
 old and brown.

Beneath its rafters, rude and old, my childish hand
 hath caught
 The Midas-touch, that turned to gold the forms my
 fancy wrought;
 Again the murmur 'round me seems with prophet-
 voice to bear
 Assurance to my idle dreams of joy I yet shall share.

As shells that on the strand are flung, though tossed
 by angry waves,
 Remember still the gentle song they learned in ocean
 caves,
 A harp within my soul I bear, whose faint and trem-
 bling thrill,
 Wakened by one who touched it here, is music with
 me still.

I see the shades of coming night her childish fea-
 tures wear,
 Even amid the holy light that lingers on her hair,

And sheds a brightness on the brow, waiting a Heav-
 enly Crown,
 And spirit eyes that even now behold the Golden
 Throne.

Blindly we walk the earth awhile, nor think our
 weary hands
 Hold daily, 'mid the dross of toil, a wealth of glitter-
 ing sands;
 We mourn the goblet's wasted wine, the loved of
 yesterday
 Stand in the present's mystic shrine, and there our
 sick souls pray.

The sacred power that touched me when, Endymion-
 like, I slept,
 Over my later life, as then, a faithful watch hath kept;
 Unto its presence all my fears their anxious faces
 turn—
 Thither my soul its pleasure bears—thither it goes to
 mourn.

Thus when in memory I build the schoolhouse old,
 and see
 Again the vanished forms that filled the time-worn
 room with me,
 The sighs, that to the lost I give, cease at my thank-
 ful prayer
 For one who bore where angels live the love I gave
 her there.

THE PALM.

BY I. K.

O'er-arched by skies forever calm,
 In beauty stands the pillared Palm.—
 It is the poet of the trees,
 And oft its charming minstrelsies
 Lap the sea girt Sicilian isle ;
 They float along the winding Nile—
 O'er coral reefs submerged in foam—
 By moon-tipped minaret and dome,
 When starry eyes at midnight gleam
 In rose-bound bowers by Tigris' stream ;
 And where the holy Ganges pours
 A sluggish stream through shelving shores.
 The Palm that shades Sicilian flowers,
 And hears from far Palermo's towers
 The throbbing vespers sweetly ring,
 Is lonely then, and loves to sing ;
 Not of the rocks where syrens play,
 Nor of that purple crescent bay,
 Along whose shore a bright sea flows,
 Where smoke-wreathed, vague Vesuvius glows,
 Nor of the far Hesperides,
 The isles of hope in western seas—
 A sadness, shows through all its form,
 And when the eastern wind blows warm
 It swings its light leaves to and fro,
 And sings a measure sad and low,
 Of longings for a far off home
 That lies beyond the Cretan foam,—

A peaceful home in that calm land,
 Where broken Memnons silent stand,—
 Of sculptured tombs, of ruined fanes,
 Of blank browed hills and sandy plains.
 But he who sails the Nile may hear
 The Palm's sweet anthem ringing clear.
 It sings the young world's history,
 And of the Sphynx's mystery,
 The secret those eternal eyes
 Read in the bending desert skies;
 It sings the words that Memnon spoke
 When first the tropic morning broke,—
 The spells, and all the magic power
 That lurks within the lotos flower,
 Of springs by which the freighted trains
 Rest in their march on burning plains,—
 The white memorials of death,—
 The purple simoon's poisoned breath,—
 Of love and hate, of rest and strife
 That fill the round of that wild life.

Oh, the fair Palm tree that sings and sighs,
 When over the sea the swift wind flies,
 Its heart is weary, its sad thoughts roam
 Past the sunny isles and the breaking foam
 To a far off land and a summer-crowned home !

Oh, the beautiful Palm ! that, singing, waves
 By the river calm and the silent graves;
 It sings of the time when the sky was red
 With a glorious dawn,—of a clear light spread
 Over sea and shore, in the days that are dead.

Oh, the clear voiced Palm that sweetly calls,
Singing its psalm by the Persian walls;
It sings of a land of song and flowers,
Of bright eyes gleaming in moonlit bowers,
Of gold-spread domes and shining towers!

MAY WHISPERS.

BY B. G. E.

Listen !

For the sound of the rain-drops, which fall from the
 eaves,
 To the stir of the budding and balm-scented leaves,
 To the ripple of brooks, where the long sedges cling,
 And the frog's hollow croaking is hailing the Spring,
 To the murmurs which steal over meadow and lea,
 Where busily buzzes the "bright belted bee,"
 To the thousand glad voices which merrily say,
 She bringeth the sounds of rejoicing alway,
 The merry and musical May.

Listen !

And hear the glad tones of the children who look
 For the cresses which creep o'er the breast of the
 brook,
 Or seek for the haunts where the violet lies,
 'Mid the green of the earth, 'neath the blue of the
 skies.
 Hear the song of the bird, as it cheerily sings
 On the bough, where the nest of the oriole swings,
 Where rose-tinted blossoms are brightening the spray.
 She bringeth the buds, and the blossoms alway,
 The balmy and beautiful May.

Listen !

All ye, who in languor and weariness lean
 From the casement, which opes on a landscape of
 green,

All ye, who, amid the earth-struggle and strife,
 Keep fresh the sweet dreams of your earlier life,
 And hear the low breathings of spirits which yearn
 For the blessing and joy of the Past to return
 'Mid the sparkling of dew, and the sunshine of day,
 As haply some voice in entreaty shall say,
 "Bring dew to my spirit, Oh May!"

Listen!

Pale student, and turn from thy volume to look
 On the golden-clasped pages of Nature's own book.
 Busy merchant, who still through this sunshine would
 wear
 On thy brow and thy bosom the shadow of care,
 Leave ledger, and counter, and desk to their lot,
 For Nature's arithmetic wearieth not;
 How she adds the bright links of the hours to the
 day!
 How she multiplies beauties and blessings, always
 For merry, munificent May!

Listen!

May voices, May whispers, steal tenderly in,
 'Mid the noise of the work-shop, 'the factory's din.
 All tell the poor children of labor and pain
 That the joys of the Springtime are coming again
 To those who scarce know of the beauty that lies
 All blushing and bright, 'neath the smile of the skies.
 Pure breath of the Spring! to this earth-tainted clay
 Thou comest with benisons holy always,
 The pure and the peace giving May!

Listen!

Oh, weary and anxious and sorrowful breast
Still thrilling with passionate sense of unrest,
And know that, as sure as the sun after rain,
Life's beauty and freshness are coming again
To the hearts which shall list to the lessons they
teach;

These voices of May, with their musical speech,
Oh! listening to these, the lone spirit shall say,
"An angel hath walked with my wanderings to-day,
The beautiful angel of May!"

A PEN OF STEEL.

BY GEORGE PRATT, '57.

Give me a pen of steel !
 Away with the gray goose quill !
 I will grave the thoughts I feel
 With a fiery heat and will :
 I will grave with the stubborn pen
 On the tablet of the heart
 Words never to fade again,
 And thoughts that shall ne'er depart.

Give me a pen of steel !
 Hardened, and bright, and keen,—
 To run like the chariot's wheel
 When the battle flame is seen :—
 And give me the warrior's heart,
 To struggle through night and day,
 And to write with this thing of art
 Words clear as the lightning's play.

Give me a pen of steel !
 The softer age is done,
 And the thoughts that lovers feel
 Have long been sought and won :—
 No more of the gray goose quill—
 No more of the lover's lay—
 I have done with the minstrel's skill,
 And I change my path to-day.

Give me a pen of steel !

I will tell to after times
How nerve and iron will
Are poured to the world in rhymes :—
How the soul is changed to power,
And the heart is changed to flame,
In the space of a passing hour
By poverty and shame !

Give me a pen of steel !—

But even this shall rust,
The touch of time shall feel,
And crumble away to dust ;—
So perishes my heart,
Corroding day by day,—
And laid, like the pen, apart,
Worn out and cast away !

ODE TO PASTORAL ROMANCE.

BY E. C. STEDMAN, '53.

" Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not."

The Tempest.

I.

Queen of the shadowy clime!
 Thou of the fairy-spell and wondrous lay:
 Sweet Romance! breathe upon my way,
 Not with the breath of this degenerate time,
 But of that age when life was summer play,
 When Nature wore a verdurous hue,
 And Earth kept holiday;
 When on the ground Chaldæan shepherds lay,
 Gazing all night, with calm, creative view,
 Into the overhanging blue,
 And found, amid the many-twinkling stars,
 Warriors and maidens fair,
 Heroes of marvellous deeds and direful wars,
 Serpents and flaming hair,
 The Dragon and the Bear,
 A silvery Venus and a lurid Mars.

II.

Come at thy lover's call,
 Thou, that, with embraces kind,
 Throwing thy tendrils round the lives of all,
 Something in all to beautify dost find!
 So thine own ivy, on the Gothic wall,
 Or pendent from the arms
 Of gnarléd oaks, where'er its clusters fall,

Clings to adorn and adds perennial charms.
 And therefore, Romance, would I greet
 Thee by the fairest of fair names,
 Calling thee debonair and sweet ;
 For sweet thou art—inspiring Manhood's dreams,
 When all aweary of the actual life ;
 And sweet thy influence seems
 To Woman, shrinking from the strife,
 The sordid tumult of the wrangling mart.
 But doubly sweet thou art,
 Leading the tender child by gentle streams,
 Among the lilies of our flowery Youth ;
 Filling his all-believing heart
 With thoughts that glorify the common truth ;
 Building before him, in the lustrous air,
 Ethereal palaces and castles fair.

III.

With such mild innocence the Earth
 Received thy blessings at her birth ;
 And in the pastoral days of yore,
 To Man's enchanted gaze,
 Nature was fair—O, how much more
 Than in our wiser days !
 Then deities of sylvan form,
 While yet the hearts of men were young and warm,
 Like shepherds wandered through the arching groves,
 Or sang aloud, the listening flocks among,
 Sweet legends of their loves ;
 Then Cupid and fair Psyche breathed their vows,—
 He with the feathered darts and bow unstrung,
 And garlands on his brows ;

She folding gently to her bosom doves
 Snow-white, forever, as their mistress, young ;
 And, as they sighed together, peerless Joy
 Enwreathed the maiden and the raptured boy !

IV.

Yes! on romantic pilgrimage,
 To the calm piety of Nature's shrine,
 Through summer-paths, thou ledst our human-kind,
 With influence divine.
 In that orient, elden age,
 Ere man had learned to wage
 Dispassionate war against his natural mind,
 Thy voice of mystery,
 Reading aloud the Earth's extended page,
 Bade human aspirations find
 In the cool fountain and the forest-tree
 A sentient imagery ;
 The flowing river and the murmuring wind,
 The land—the sea—
 Were all informed by thee !

V.

Through coral grottoes wandering and singing,
 The merry Nereid glided to her cave ;
 Anon, with warm, luxurious motion flinging
 Her sinuous form above the moonlit wave,
 To the charmed mariner gave
 A glimpse of snowy arms and amber tresses,
 While on his startled ear
 The sea-nymph's madrigal fell clear ;
 Then to the far recesses,

Where drowsy Neptune wears the emerald crown,
 Serenely floated down,
 Leaving the mariner all amort with fear.

In the under-opening wood,
 What time the Gods had crowned the full-grown year,
 The Dryad and the Hamadryad stood
 Among the fallow deer;
 Bending the languid branches of their trees,
 With every breeze,
 To view their image in the fountains near:—
 The fountains! whence the white-limbed Naiads sang,
 Pouring upon the air melodious trills,
 And, while the echoes through the forest rang,
 The white-limbed Naiads of a thousand rills
 Far o'er the Arcadian vales a pæan spread.

Led by Diana, in the dewy dawn,
 The Oread sisters chased the dappled fawn
 Through all the coverts of their native hills;
 Home, with the spoils, at sultry noon they fled,—
 Home to their shaded bowers,
 Where, with the ivy, and those sacred flowers
 That now have faded from the weary earth,
 Each laughing Oread crowned an Oread's head.
 The mountains echoed back their maiden mirth,
 Rousing old Pan, who, from a secret lair,
 Shook the wild tangles of his frosty hair,
 And laid him down again with sullen roar:
 But now the frightened nymphs like statues stand,
 One balancing her body half in air,
 Dreading to hear again that tumult sore;
 One, with a liquid tremor in her eye,
 Waving above her head a glimmering hand;

Till suddenly, like dreams, away they fly,
 Leaving the forest stiller than before !

VI.

Such was thy power, O Pastoral Romance !
 In that ambrosial age of classic fame,
 The spirit to entrance.
 Fain would I whisper of the latter days,
 When, in thy royal name,
 The mailed knights encountered lance to lance,
 All for sweet Romance and fair ladies' praise ;
 But no ! I bowed the knee
 And vowed allegiance to thee,
 As I beheld thee in thy golden prime,
 And now from thy demesne must haste away :
 Perchance that of the aftertime,
 Of nodding plumes and chivalrous array,
 In aftertime I sing a roundelay.

VII.

Fair Spirit of ethereal birth,
 In whom such mysteries and beauties blend !
 Still from thine ancient dwelling-place descend
 And idealize our too material earth ;
 Still to the Bard thy chaste conceptions lend,
 To him thine early purity renew ;
 Round every image grace majestic throw !
 Till rapturously the living song shall glow
 With inspiration as thy being true,
 And Poesy's creations, decked by thee,
 Shall wake the tuneful thrill of sensuous ecstasy.

GOD GUARD THE LILIES.

BY F. M. FINCH, '49.

God guard the Lilies! Sceptred king
 Reigns not beneath their blossoms now,
 Nor twines them with the jeweled ring
 That circled once his tyrant brow.
 Too loud the scornful master spoke,
 Too heavy fell his sovereign blows,
 And bleeding France from slumber woke
 To circle friends and trample foes.

God guard the Lilies! Dripping blade
 And blazing beacon flushed the land,
 And crowded roof and barricade
 Marked panting Freedom's victor stand!
 O'er shattered wheel and massive stone,
 'Mid iron rain drops pressed they on,
 'Till peasants burned their monarch's throne,
 And millions hailed a battle won!

God guard the Lilies! O'er the wave
 The crownless Bourbon fled in fear,
 And toiling serf and fettered slave
 Saw Freedom's morning star appear;
 And red the ray of burning hall
 Swept o'er the exiled monarch's path,
 For swift as meteor masses fall
 Comes down a nation's arm of wrath!

God guard the Lilies! Mountain peak,
 And glen, and valley rang with song,
 As o'er the Alp rocks, lone and bleak,
 Rolled Freedom's thrilling hymn along:
 And wild, as leaps the Sundered rock
 From sky-clad summit roughly torn,
 With tempest bound, and earthquake shock,
 Rolled on the anthem—Freedom born!

Rolled on the Anthem! Italy
 The clang of broken fetters heard,
 And thoughts, like her own chainless sea,
 Within her throbbing bosom stirred!
 And priestly robe and ducal crown
 Amid the whirl of passion fell,
 While myriads, at a zealot's frown,
 No longer feared the dungeon cell!

Rolled on the Anthem! Poland caught
 The tones of fire, and sent the strain
 With more than mortal meaning fraught,
 O'er castled hill and guarded plain.
 An Empire poured its ruthless bands
 From northern hills of ice and snow,
 The sabre snapped in Freedom's hands,
 But tyrants cowered beneath the blow.

Rolled on the Anthem! Austria woke,
 As rang those clarion notes afar,
 And bade her children rend the yoke,
 And shatter tyrant bolt and bar.

The German by his cottage fire
 Heard gathering squadrons trample by,
While princely lips grew pale with ire,
 And empires reeled at Freedom's cry.

Rolled on the Anthem! Lips of flame
 On every hill prolonged the strain,
And leaders sprang from rags and shame
 To chant it at a crimson fane.
Still roll its echoes! While they ring
 The sabre blows of truth resound,
And now the scythes of Freedom swing
 Where'er Oppression's grain is found!

BOAT SONG.

BY W. W. WINTHROP, '51.

Bowman! push her from the shore!
 Take the boat-hook, not an oar!
 Coil the painter on the floor
 In the bow!
 Take your places! peak! let fall!
 Ready! hear the Captain's call!
 Follow stroke, and give way all
 Bravely now!

Isn't this most splendid weather!—
 Second starboard, mind your feather!—
 Pull a little more together
 On the "port!"
 Catch a "cancer," if you dare,
 And of "swallows," too, beware;
 Fifteen minutes and we're there
 At the Fort!

Can't you trim a little aft!—
 How the winds our banner waft!
 "Like a thing of life" our craft
 Promenades;
 See how brightly glows the west!
 How it gilds the ocean's breast!
 One! two! three! four! five! six!—Rest!
 Jolly blades.

Now then, comrades, raise the strain,
 And let not a man refrain,
 Though he may not quite attain
 To the tune ;
 While the insects phosphorescent
 In the ripples shine incessant,
 And above us beams the crescent
 Of the moon.

When in after years we're harbored,
 With an infant on our larboard
 Knee, and sitting at our starboard
 Side a wife ;
 As within our "clinker" cottage
 We devour our homely pottage,
 Gliding calmly towards the dotage
 Of our life ;

Then the rising generation
 We will tell with exultation
 How with keen exhilaration
 Long ago,
 Many puns we perpetrated,
 And our songs reiterated,
 And the mermaids fascinated
 Down below.

THE SCHOLAR'S MATE.

BY B——.

Delia and Damon on a certain day
Sat by the checkered board at chess to play—
If Damon lost, 'twas his a ring to give,
If Damon won, a kiss he must receive.
The lady claimed the pieces ivory fair,
The ebon army fell to Damon's share ;
And, as is usual both in war and love,
The lady claimed, of course, the earliest move.
A moment o'er the board, like fairy sprite,
Her fair hand hovered, doubting where to light ;
Then gently fell upon the king's own pawn,
And moved the white-robed warrior two steps on.
The same move Damon makes ; the lady then
Runs her bright eye along the files of men,
And moves one pace the pawn that guards her queen ;
While Damon boldly brings upon the scene
His king's black bishop, onward to the square
Three steps before his brother prelate's chair.
"A soldier shall defend me!" Delia cried.
At once the knight, that stood her queen beside,
Leaped forth and paused, prepared in arms to fight,
Two squares before the bishop clothed in white.
Then Damon's queen, with Amazonian stride,
Rushed boldly forth upon the other side,
And stood five squares before a *castled* ward,
Which rose her husband's left hand flank to guard.
Then forward sprang fair Delia's other knight,

Who stood in arms upon his monarch's right,
Two steps before the bishop, and he deemed
His single arm might turn the tide which seemed
Setting against his master ; but in vain
He strove the desperate battle to maintain,
In vain he stood prepared to fight away
The black-robed queen from her devoted prey.
Down, down she came with one tremendous spring,
And stood before poor Delia's conquered king.
"Checkmate ! checkmate !" exulting Damon cries,
" I claim a kiss, the victor's lawful prize."
The maiden blushed that pleasing debt to pay ;
But Damon lost his ring *another* day.

SMOKING SONG.

BY F. M. FINCH, '49.

Floating away like the fountain's spray,
 Or the snow-white plume of a maiden,
 The smoke-wreaths rise to the star-lit skies,
 With blissful fragrance laden.

Then smoke away till a golden ray
 Lights up the dawn of the morrow,
 For a cheerful cigar, like a shield, will bar
 The blows of care and sorrow.

The leaf burns bright, like the gems of light
 That flash in the braids of Beauty,
 It nerves each heart for the hero's part
 On the battle plain of duty.

In the thoughtful gloom of his darkened room
 Sits the child of song and story,
 But his heart is light, for his pipe beams bright,
 And his dreams are all of glory.

By the blazing fire sits the gray-haired sire,
 And infant arms surround him;
 And he smiles on all in that quaint old hall,
 While the smoke-curles float around him.

In the forest grand of our native land,
 When the savage conflict's ended,
 The "Pipe of Peace" brought a sweet release
 From toil and terror blended.

The dark-eyed train of the maids of Spain
 'Neath their arbor shades trips lightly,
And a gleaming cigar, like a new-born star,
 In the clasp of their lips burns brightly.

It warms the soul, like the blushing bowl
 With its rose-red burden streaming,
And drowns it in bliss, like the first warm kiss
 From the lips with love-buds teeming.

FAREWELL ODE.

BY F. M. FINCH, '49.

Gray rocks, by heaven's own arches span'd,
 Twin giants guarding sea and land,
 The vine shall wreath your brows of stone,
 The cloud shall make your crags its throne,
 When harvests wave and orchards bloom
 Upon each long forgotten tomb.
 Though stern the fate your dark lips tell,
 Farewell, gray ramparts, fare ye well!

Broad bay, upon whose heaving breast
 The billow waves its battle crest,
 Our shallop helm and dipping oar
 Shall part thy locks of foam no more!
 We shall not plow thine azure plain,
 Nor count thy snow-tipped hills again;
 Yet, while the tides of ocean swell,
 Farewell, brave billows, fare ye well!

Dark elms, beneath whose emerald dome
 Music and smiles have built their home,
 Within whose realm of summer shade
 Our dreams like wanton birds have strayed,
 We shall not see you clothed again
 With verdant wreath or crystal chain,
 Yet long may leaf to leaflet tell
 Our parting word, our sad farewell!

Old halls, through which the whirling tide
Of earnest toil and wrestling pride
Has rolled with many a billow shock,
As rivers lash the sundered rock,
Your aged walls shall ring no more
With word or song of ours. 'Tis o'er—
The changeful dream, the witching spell,—
One thought is left us,—'t is farewell !

HUMOROUS.

AN IDLE.

BY E. F. GREENE, '80.

He sat on the shore as the sun went down,
 Went down in the depths of the wide, wide west ;
 To a chance observer it might have seemed queer
 That he didn't go home as the night drew near,
 But he didn't, and therefore it might appear
 That the sitter himself knew best.

He sat on the shore as the morning sun
 Shone out from the east over sea and land ;
 He sat, I remark, as the sun arose,
 On the very same spot where he sat at the close
 Of the previous day, and the Lord only knows
 Why he did it,—I don't understand.

Perhaps he was searching for coral reefs ;
 Perhaps he was trying to keep him cool ;
 Perhaps the breezes from over the sea
 As they toyed with his tresses said, "Come to me ;"
 The field of conjecture is wide you see ;
 Perhaps he was only a fool,—
 Or a clam.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY A. E. BOWERS, '83.

Little freshie, young and fair,
Rosy cheeks and glossy hair,
Hied him to the State-house old,
Armed with bunting, cheek, and gold.

Roused the keeper from his slumber,
Showed him dollars quite a number,
Pointed to the flag-staff high,
Chuckled at his plan so sly.

Keeper seized the welcome money,
Thought the freshman awful funny,
Hurried to the roof on high,
Placed the flag beneath the sky.

Freshie's heart was filled with joy,
How he capered, little boy!
How the sophs would storm and swear,
Rend their clothes and tear their hair!

Rising in the morning early,
Freshie brushed his hair, so curly,
Toddled to the house of prayer,
Saw the banner, high in air.

On the way to recitation
Looks of evident vexation
From astounded Eighty-three
Filled his heart with highest glee.

Dreams of glory turned his head,
Made him flunk his lessons dead.
What were lessons to a hero?
Little cared he for the zero.

But how vain is freshman glory!
'Twas the same, the same old story.
Naught but ruin and defeat
Freshman plans are sure to meet.

Eighty-three puts in cold rushes;
Then from many doors she gushes,
To the State-house quick repairs,
Climbs the hidden flight of stairs.

Freshie, dumb with fear and wonder,
Sees his banner rent asunder;
Shivers at the wicked theft;
Says *it's cold for he's got left.*

FUMES.

BY J. R. BISHOP, '82.

Who swore, if e'er I learned to smoke,
 My breath from out my frame he'd choke,
 And wrung a promise, which I broke?
 My father.

Who kissed away my tears and said
 That, if I wouldn't smoke in bed,
 A *little* smoke would clear my head?
 My mother.

Who said it was a *nasty trick*
 Worthy of a ragged mick—
 That smoking made her *awful sick*?
 My sister.

Who said 't would be a *beastly grind*
 On "Gov.," and vowed (with oaths) he'd find
 A way to help me have my mind?
 My brother.

With one of daddy's pet cigars,
 Who stole a ride upon the cars,
 And?—but the end the story mars—
 The author.

THE TROUBLED JUNIOR.

BY BURNSIDE FOSTER, '82.

It is a junior, pale and wan,
 Whose features once were ruddy,
 Who strides his chamber up and down
 In vain attempts to study.

What can it be that crowds his brain?
 Is it last Sunday's sermon
 That fills him with his guilty pain,
 Or has he flunked his German?

Is it some crime that tears his heart
 With guilty apprehension,
 Or is he possessed of fifty marks
 And fearful of suspension?

But look! he stops and mutters low—
 What are those words he's saying?
 "More than I have I already owe,
 To the Promenade I want to go,
 And for all that I'd like to know
 Who is to do the paying?"

INVOCATION.

BY T. D. HOLLAND, '82.

Wake! girls, wake! and rub your sleepy eyes,
 In dulcet strains our songs we hope to utter,
 We come from far to take you by surprise;
 Get out your flowers and set ajar the shutter.

SONG.

Your teachers now have sought repose
 And gone to peaceful dreaming;
 Our tutors grim have "doused the glim,"
 And ceased awhile from scheming;
 The moon has climbed the airy vault
 The stars from heaven are peeping,
 The balmy night has spoiled us quite
 For such a thing as sleeping.
 We love to sing in local fairs,
 And shovel cakes and pies in;
 We "mingle" well, as all can tell—
 At that we're quite surprisin',
 Yet sentiment in mighty waves
 Will sometimes sweep quite o'er us,
 And slender waist and kisses' taste
 We celebrate in chorus.

Then drop one flower for memorabil,
 Each gallant's love believing,
 And scratch a match, that we may catch
 One glance ere we be leaving.

THE SONG OF THE SOPHOMORE.

BY D. H. BUELL, '83.

I continually complain
That my sophomoric brain
Is stored with useless trash
That it never can contain ;
And I'm giddy, wild, and rash,
Yes, and really far from sane
When I tilt with trigonometry,
Analytical geometry,
And anapaestic dipodies
From a chorus of Euripides.
When I tackle a Denarius,
And tell facts unique and various
Of Boötes and Aquarius,
I could flee to the antipodes.

A VACATION REMINISCENCE.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

I met her at a country dance
 At uncle Obadiah's,
 She sat between two wrinkled aunts,
 A wild rose 'mid the briers.

She was so very rare and sweet,
 So artlessly bewitching,
 Such shy, bright eyes, such restless feet,
 Such sudden lights enriching
 The beauty of her gentle face,
 Whene'er, too rudely turning,
 Fond gazes lingered on its grace
 And set her cheeks a burning.

I drew her from the gorgons' care,
 Who, somewhat overprudent,
 With hopeless horror gave their fair
 To an ill-omened student.

With many a wondrous, unheard tale
 Of rushing and of hazing,
 That made her cheek turn ashy pale,
 And seemed to me amazing,
 And wicked jokes, that "just for fun
 We played at *Alma Bona*
 On profs. and tutors," thus I won
 My artless Desdemona.

And yet, sweet, simple village belle,
My tales I half repented,
And half resolved that I would tell
Her they were all invented.

But ah, how weak is all our art
When woman is dissembling!
For when it came the hour to part,
She said, with laughter trembling,
“I feared this would be such a bore,
But you’ve made it so pleasant!
I shall be glad to meet you more,
At home; I’m *always* present.”

And then she handed me a card
That made my heart turn craven,
“Professor ——,” O wretch ill-starred!
“—— street, New Haven.”

SANDWICHES.

[Dedicated to the waiter at the New Haven Depot.]

BY ISAAC BROMLEY, '81.

The dew of night was falling fast
 As through the railroad train there passed
 A darkey bearing, slice on slice,
 Refreshments of this strange device,
 "Sandwiches, fresh cut ham sandwiches,
 Cut fresh for every train."

His eye was black; his lips beneath,
 Flashed dazzling white his yellow teeth;
 And like a two-cent clarion rung
 The warbling of that wagging tongue,
 "Sandwiches, fresh cut ham sandwiches,
 Cut fresh for every train."

"Sandwich this way!" an old man said,
 Smoothing the hair on his old bald head,
 "But stay! is the ham cut thin and wide?"
 Yet soft that sylph-like voice replied,
 "Sandwiches, fresh cut ham sandwiches,
 Cut fresh for every train."

"O cheese," the maiden said, "and rest
 A ten-cent sandwich on my chest!"
 An H₂O stood in each eye,
 But still he murmured with a sigh,
 "Sandwiches, fresh cut ham sandwiches,
 Cut fresh for every train."

There in the train, as on its way
It sped, a fresh cut sandwich lay,
And from the depot, a long way off,
Came a noise like the whooping cough,
 “Sandwiches, fresh cut ham sandwiches,
 Cut fresh for every train.”

MY CHUM.

BY G. E. IDE, '81.

His joyful laugh is heard no more,
His jovial mood is gone,
He's getting to be quite a bore,
His face is all forlorn.

He watches for the morning mail
With quick and eager air,
He hastes to meet the postman Hale
And greets him on the stair.

A card received the other night,
Embossed with some strange crest,
Filled him with raptures of delight,
And fired his manly breast.

If letters there be none, he groans
And tears his auburn hair,
Then lays him down and sadly moans
With a dejected air.

"Mory's" has now for him no charm,
Nor Gus's sparkling beer;
His actions fill me with alarm
They're so confounded queer.

The other day he made a "rush;"
He studies long and hard.
I swear, I think he got a crush
At the last Promenade.

YALEVERSICULA.

BY A. B. LINCOLN, '81.

The seniors spin the festive top,
Or shoot the tricky marble,
And try from Human Intellect
A decent rush to garble.

The juniors take their Physics straight,
And meanwhile make conjectures,
"How long this fearful grind will last
Before they give us lectures."

The sophomores are well content
To give the freshmen knowledge;
They study hard, and hard appear
To every class in college.

The freshmen—they are innocent,
They stake their all on study,
And, unambitious, are content
As nothing and nobody.

THE FRESHMAN'S WALK.

BY G. E. IDE, '81.

Up from his bed on Washington's day
 A freshman rose all blithesome and gay ;
 Ecstatic joy his heart did tear,
 He longed his banger forth to bear.
 The hour for morning service nigh
 He took his cane and forth did hie,
 And Chapel twenty blocks away.

He looked upon the morning bright,
 He hailed with joy the fresh sunlight ;
 And louder in his ears there rolled
 The knell of the church bell uncontrolled,
 And his blood with anxious fear grew cold
 As he thought of the game he would get that day,
 And Chapel twenty blocks away.

But there is a side street leading down
 Straight from the outskirts of the town,
 And there through the flush of that morning's light
 The freshman went in his eager flight ;
 As if he knew some terrible need,
 He strode along with his utmost speed ;
 He swung his stick, he tried to look gay,
 But Chapel was fifteen blocks away.

Still sprung from that banger, thundering down,
 A noise that frightened all the town.
 On! on he went ever faster and faster
 Foreboding to small dogs the doom of disaster,
 Looking as if *he* now were the master.
 No sophomore now could injure his pride,

But his anxious heart his looks belied,
 And to himself he did ever say,
 "Chapel is still ten blocks away."

Under his hastening feet the road
 Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
 But a sophomore spied his hastening steps
 And knew he had seen him at Sigma Eps.,
 And the soph., like a bark fed with furnace ire,
 Swept on with his wild eye full of fire.
 He walks behind that freshman tame,
 He gives that freshman the wildest game,
 But Chapel is only five blocks away.

He nears the church. On every side
 He sees the constantly swelling tide
 Of sophomores and men of every class,
 They lift their hats, they let him pass,
 He feels like a most egregious ass.
 Wounded is now his heart so vain,
 He wants to bury that cursed cane,
 Freshmanic pride is surely pained,
 But Chapel at last is safely gained.

He enters ; he sees not the gathered crowd,
 He hears not the notes of the organ loud,
 His hat and his banger, he must carry both.
 Then setting his teeth with a terrible oath
 He starts with bold air 'mid an audible smile
 And carefully takes a few steps down the aisle.
 With dirt and with dust his new trousers are gray ;
 By the flash of his eye and his lips' haughty play,
 He seemed to the whole congregation to say,
 "I carried my banger all the way
 To celebrate Washington's natal day."

MY INDIAN PIPE.

BY H. S. DURAND, '81.

Thou friend of clay, who day by day
 Dost furnish me such comfort soothing,
 The troubled brow, when sorrow's plow
 Has furrowed it with wrinkles, smoothing ;

Oh speak! and tell me what befell
 When first thy curious form was moulded,
 Ere for thy tribe Time's mystic scribe
 His sable-covered book had folded.

What savage hands have carved those bands
 About thy bowl with strange designing?
 What sachem old or chieftain bold
 Has smoked thee, 'neath the shade reclining?

Hast soothed to rest some warrior's breast,
 When wearied with his wild vocations,
 Or calmed the ire, at council fire,
 And sealed the lasting peace of nations?

Oh pipe! I fear I ne'er shall hear
 Thy strange, eventful, ancient story,
 For darkness shrouds with gloomy clouds
 The time when thou wast in thy glory ;

But this my love for thee will prove,
I would not sell thee e'en to Barnum,
For I should miss the soothing bliss
Thou givest to my room in Farnam.

Oh pipe! thy light is out, good-night,
If thou saidst aught I did not hear it.
I know full well thy sleepy spell
Has cast itself about my spirit.

NURSERY RHYMES.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY, '82.

There was a young man in North Middle
 Who played by the hour on the fiddle;
 And the stories they tell
 Say he went straight to—well,
 Where the resin burns him and his fiddle.

There was a young student in Farnam
 Who took off his stockings to darn 'em,
 And a piece of the needle
 He used in the deed 'll
 Be found in the student in Farnam.

A student in chapel this morning,
 The laws of the Faculty scorning,
 Bent devoutly his head
 While his lessons he read:
 Therefore he receiveth a warning.

There was a young soph. from Hoboken
 Sent to his true love as a token
 A photograph new
 Of himself, à la crew,—
 The once happy engagement is broken.

There was a young student in chapel
 Said "I think that a snug little nap'll
 Do me more good
 Than a sermon could."
 And his snores softly rose in the chapel.

There was a young tutor behind him
 For ten seconds glared wildly to find him;
 Then he took out a book
 With his happiest look,
 And seventeen marks he assigned him.

A student in Greek recitation
 Recited without deviation
 Six lines from the trot,
 And the mark that he got
 Was forty above high oration;

While another, who had his translation
 Perfected by long cogitation,
 Was looked on with suspicion
 And from the division
 Was dropped with no more hesitation.

A certain socratic Professor
 Questions so that "No, sir," and "Yes, sir"
 Are his only demand,
 And the man of high stand
 Gives way to the luckiest guesser.

There was a fair maiden at Vassar,
 In German no one could surpass her :
 She danced it so well
 And talked it so ill
 That the Faculty had to unclass her.

There was a fair maiden at Vassar,
 In drawing no one could surpass her,
 She drew like Lorraine,
 And a very long train,
 And a check that astonished the cashier.

There was a fair maiden at Vassar,
 Of whom it was often remarked that in the careless
 grace, agility, velocity, and precision of her man-
 ner of sliding down the banisters, no one could
 surpass her.

But she slid down one day
 In such an extremely neglectful way,
 That she slipped up and landed à la poose-back and
 candle-extinguisher on the head of an innocent
 appearing old gentleman with blue glasses who
 turned out to be a Cornell Professor.

There is a fair maid in this city
 Whose hand is exceedingly pretty ;
 I kissed it one night .
 In the silver moonlight,—
 And the way that it slapped was a pity.

There was a fair maid in Schenectady,
 When her lover called quite unexpectedly,
 Was berating the servant
 In language most fervent—
 Now she paces her parlor dejectedly.

John Jones, while out walking with Hannah,
 Slipped and fell on a frozen banana,
 And she came down kerslap
 Right square on his lap,
 In an awkward, embarrassing manner.

But yet, though she ruined her pannier,
 Hannah seemed rather pleased with the manner,
 For after a while
 She said with a smile,
 “John, let’s find another banana.”

There was a small boy had some powder,
 And in trying to make it go louder
 He succeeded so well
 That his friends couldn’t tell
 His remains from a dish of clam chowder.

NURSERY RHYMES.

BY C. S. HEBARD, '82.

Oh! the cheek of the damsel at Vassar,
 Without chaperon to harass her ;
 She may be a pearl
 And a very nice girl,
 But many are they that surpass her.

The maid who is modest and shy,
 And wishes her chaperon nigh,
 Although not a flirt,
 Bewitching and pert—
 Will be in demand bye-and-bye.

There is a fair lass at Miss Cady's,
 Conspicuous among the young ladies ;
 To the concert she goes
 And smiles she bestows,
 But wary and cautious this maid is.

For the madame suspicious is there,
 And for nothing else seems to have care
 Save not to neglect
 Her ward to protect
 From the students' very impolite stare.

NURSERY RHYMES.

BY S. C. PARTRIDGE, '80.

There was a young fresh. in North College
 Who cared not a straw for your knowledge,
 And so every day
 He cursed Chauvenet,
 This wicked young fresh. in North College.

There was a gay junior in Farnam
 Whose only profane word was "darn-em."
 So when he was mad
 He only *thought* bad,
 This pious young junior in Farnam.

There was a gay senior said "How now
 Shall I contrive to improve on my bow-ow;
 It's considerable trouble
 To bend one's self double,
 So I think I will shorten my bow-ow."

The next morning he nodded his head, Sir,
 But the Prex. stopped and smiled as he said, "Sir,
 Your mind must be weak
 To think (so to speak)
 That a bow is a nod of the head, Sir."

A junior in very high station,
While seeking devout inspiration,
 Tried to sing from Ganot,
 But the tutor, you know,
Shut down on his young aspiration.

There was a polite scientific,
In manners extremely prolific,
 Who said: "Where I go,
 The ladies, you know,
Are mashed on this gay scientific."

There was a young legal adviser
Who said: "For the crew I will try, sir,
 I know the Law School
 Can certainly pull,
Because we are older and wiser."

There was a young maid in New Haven
Over whom all the students were ravin',
 Till a Theolog. tall
 Got ahead of them all,
By betrothing this maid of New Haven.

For the Theolog. bold, I've often been told,
Though of scriptural puns a rejector,
 Will oft snatch a kiss
 From his dear Jenny-sis,
In the Exodus after the lecture.

There was a young man who said : " I, Sir ;
A ' tone ' flannel garment will buy, Sir,
 And then I will wander
 To the boarding school yonder,
And a gentle flirtation I'll try, Sir."

But up spoke a feminine bold one
Whose luxuriant tresses were golden :
 " We never will flirt
 With a gray flannel shirt,
So return Sir, and put on your old one."

FRAGMENTS.

 A PASTORAL.

BY A. P. FRENCH, '82.

Slowly the Summer's day draws to its close;
 Scents of the new-mown hay ravish the nose;
 Sweetly the calves to their mothers respond;
 Softly the bull-frogs snore in the pond.

 ORDO PLANETARUM.

Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars,
 Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune,
 When together sang the morning stars,
 All in harmonious chorus kept tune.

 THE THEOLOGUES.

BY S. C. PARTRIDGE, '80.

The theologues tall
 Play pat ball
 Against the wall
 Of Divinity Hall,
 Where dwell all
 The theologues tall.

YE SENIOR.

BY C. C. TURNER, '78.

Ye senior sitteth upon ye fence
 And pondereth all ye time
 Whence to obtain ye pounds and pence
 To square ye bills betime.

TO A SINGER.

BY B. W. DAVIS, '75.

If you earnestly wish to promote
 Your talent, hear what I suggest ;
 You've given us many a note,
 For Heaven's sake, give us *a rest*.

BROTHERS JUNIOR PRIZE DEBATE.

BY T. R. BACON, '72.

Three hearers heard in a sleepy state,
 Three speakers spoke with eloquence great
 To gain three prizes in Brothers' Hall,
 Three judges judged, and that was all.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

They were stopping at the seaside ;
Rumor had it they would wed,
No one knew just who had said it,
But all knew it had been said.

So the social circles kindly
Took the matter in their hands,
At full length discussed the prospects
And the parties to the bans.

Wondered if the pair were wealthy,
Thought it very strange that she
Could so stoop from her position
To a man of his degree.

Even grew a trifle angry,
As the days incessant sped ;
And the gossip still continued,
But the pair remained unwed.

Till one old, grey-headed veteran,
More courageous than the rest,
Took upon himself a mission,
Took it merely by request.

Gained acquaintance with the lady ;
Sweetly thought, "The day is won,"
But she smiling said, "allow me
To present to you—my son."

CAUGHT.

BY G. E. IDE, '81.

In the twilight they were walking
By the roaring ocean's tide,
Arthur of his college talking,
Edith silent by his side.

Long he talked of violent hazing,
Sophomores bold and freshmen pale,
And of all things most amazing
In his life at dear old Yale;

Of the freshmen, young and fearful,
Of the tutors, stern and hard;
Then he turned to scenes more cheerful,
Told her of the Promenade.

"Yes!" said Edith, slightly yawning,
"O! I did enjoy it so!
And the German in the morning,
Tell me, Arthur, did you go?"

Now before him quickly rushes
All that he has said before;
And he answers amid blushes,
"No! my class is '84."

OBJURGATION.

BY E. F. GREEN, '80.

Pretty Jennie came to me,
 Earnest, seeking information :
 "Cousin, darling, will you show
 What is meant by osculation?"

What could mortal man as I
 Do in such a situation?
 Father, mother, no one nigh,
 Liberal views, a great temptation!

Jennie is my cousin, too ;
 So, to please my young relation—
 * * * * *
 "Ah! you horrid thing, there! now!
 I referred to occultation."

AT THE RECEPTION.

Maiden with the rippling hair,
Laughing eyes, and tripping feet,
Was it for me you smiled so sweet
When I passed you on the stair?

Do I cause the tell-tale blush
Which o'er-crimsons all your cheek,
Which, though silent, yet doth speak
Thoughts which glow like sunset-flush?

Do I cause—confound my glasses!
Quick, good usher, lest I miss her.
“There’s the lady, there she passes!”
“Why man, hang it, *that’s* my sister!”

- A strange miracle
happeneth. With gladsome heart he doth return,
His task to con he tries,
The letters upside down do turn
And swim before his eyes.
- He lamenteth. When these wonders he doth see,
“Alas! alas!” he cries,
“That I in such a state should be!”
And to his rest he hies.
- * * * *
- Ye next morning. Slow the morning sun doth rise,
The student doth also;
Good ways to skin he doth devise,
And to recite doth go.
- He doth not rush. And now impatiently he waits,
With weak and trembling knees;
His hook the subtle tutor baits,
And flunketh him with ease.
- He gnasheth his
teeth. His fate the luckless student wails,
His heart with rage doth seethe,
But nought his anger him avails—
He gnasheth with his teeth.
- He invoketh not
ye Saint. And he goeth now no more
To Moriaritee,
The Saint's assistance to implore,
Though weak and sad he be.
- Ye moral. Now hark ye lordings one and all,
The moral ye may see—
Beware how ye to aid ye call
Saint Moriaritee.

A COINCIDENCE.

(2 o'clock A. M. He retires.)

“Wake me up for prayers,” I said,
 As I closed my bedroom door,
 “If you forget it, on thy head
 Be those marks, now nigh three score.”

(7.59 A. M. Chum opens the door.)

But what means the sight about me,
 These wooden forms that round me stand?
 What horde of demons would arouse me
 From my dreams in fairy land?

(Chum smiles.)

The room is full of grinning clocks,
 With laughing, leering, jeering faces;
 All normal laws each timepiece mocks,
 With lines for legs, for bodies, cases.

(Chum comes into the room.)

Of every age and size and form,
 Of every make that this earth knows,
 Like sailors reeling in a storm
 The crowd of clocks careering goes.

(Chum approaches the bed.)

Pressing now towards my bed
 They clasp their hands in magic ring;
 Eight, marks the dial in each head—
 They sway in time, and swaying, sing—

(Chum calls.)

“Get up, get up, 't is eight, 't is eight,
 'T is eight, get up, 't is eight!” they cry—
 Oppressive as the words of Fate
 Upon my soul their chant doth lie.

(Chum leans over the bed.)

And now, it seems, they draw right near,
 The many faces are as one
 Which grin a grin from ear to ear,
 Like a fiend who hath a soul undone.

(He begins to awake.)

“Away, ye shades,” I madly cry,
 “Away! what, do ye dare resist?”
 They move not. “By the heavens on high,
 Take that.” I use my doubled fist.

(8 A. M. He has awaked.)

“Good gracious—a thousand pardons, chum—
 I didn't know—a dream—but wait,”
 “Oh never mind, but get up, come!
 It's eight o'clock and you'll be late.”

SIR JOHN'S ADVENTURE.

SUGGESTED BY THE "ACORN AND THE PUMPKIN.

BY J. H. DYSON, '77.

Sir John for grace and piety
 Was noted far and near ;
 His tongue was famed for praise of Heaven,
 His heart for Christian cheer ;
 Applause he sang of Nature's laws,
 The echoing hills returned applause.

In travels through earth's wide domains
 He nought amiss could find,
 But all he saw in Nature's realms
 Gave pleasure to his mind ;
 "In all the earth, whate'er I see,
 All show their Maker's skill," said he.

One noon, in country far from home,
 Outstretched upon the ground
 Beneath a well-filled cocoa tree,
 A scanty shade he found ;
 And with his eyes turned upward, he
 Indulged in this soliloquy.

"The symmetry of Nature's works
 Is everywhere displayed ;
 But such a noble, comely tree
 I ne'er before surveyed.
 'Tis fitting that a giant tree
 Should bring forth ponderous fruit," said he.

“Now some would think that berries small
On such a tree should grow,
And that the larger cocoanut
Should on small vines lie low ;
Small berries on small vines should be,
And larger fruit grace such a tree.”

E'en as he spoke, a cocoanut
Dropped from the lofty tree ;
Upon the face of good Sir John
It fell right heavily.
With bleeding face and battered nose,
The howling knight in pain arose.

And ever since that luckless time
Has Sir John spent his days
In cursing loud and finding fault
With Nature's devious ways.
“Had berries grown on that vile tree
My nose had still been whole,” quoth he.

THE OLD CHAPEL.

BY A. T. HADLEY, '76.

Once on a time, long years ago, upon a summer day,
The Profs. did meet in Prex.'s room to drive dull care
away.

All silently they sat and smoked, until their leader
rose;
He was a solemn man, that Prex. as everybody knows.

Said he, "The Corporation vote we build a College
Church,
I need your help; stand by me, friends; don't leave
me in the lurch.

"What is the most unsightly shape?" he asked the
Prof. of Art.
That gentleman arranged his views, and drew them
on a chart.

"Well hast thou done, Sir Architect! thou art a
noble man;
I cannot see what well could be less beauteous than
this plan.

"Now who is he who can produce a draft of winter
air
So cold and yet so copious that each shall have a
'share?"

Then rose a man both old and grave, of very wondrous knowledge he;
It was that much respected man, the Prof. of Meteorology.

Said he, "The current A. Q. X. through B. P. C. will go,
And carry up and down the aisles both rain and hail and snow.

"But when the heat of Summer comes the current is reversed,
No breath of air can reach the seats, unless the building burst."

Scarce had he done, when up rose one with theologic face;
Said he, "My mission is to help the fallen human race.

"The source from which I draw my power is placed above the sky;
Wherefore, I pray you, set my desk three hundred cubits high."

"Well said! well said! Sir Theologue, we'll do as you suggest;
Now who can furnish us with seats which students shall detest?"

Then silence reigned among the Profs., and not a word they spoke,
'Till he who Mathematics taught, the awful stillness broke.

Straight to the blackboard up he went and drew
three circles round,
And fourteen lines and sixteen curves, with knowl-
edge most profound.

He pointed out how by these means a seat could be
obtained
In which no student, great or small, could sit and not
be pained.

He gave the proof—of all the Profs., not one could
understand—
It was not strictly logical, but sounded very grand.

But, proved or not, the fact was true, and that was all
they needed ;
And so the learned Faculty to other talk proceeded.

And thus the wondrous pile was built, by mason and
by joiner.
They say it has no counterpart 'twixt Washington
and China.

And there the students sit, absorbed in meditation
deep,
'Till nature's sweet restorer comes and puts them all
to sleep.

THE NEWS AT ROME.

BY R. J. JESSUP, '76.

Pope Pius bowed his holy head
 And told his rosary,
 Ten Aves and a Pater said
 With much prolixity.
 And lo! around, each dropsical,
 Disconsolate red Cardinal
 Did, with the aged Pope, agree
 'Twill be a "famous victory."
 "But if we do not win," said he,
 "Ah, then will come the agony."

Monsignore comes with low salaam,
 "'Tis from New Haven straight,
 Behold the cable telegram!
 'Sophs. win the Match Debate.'"
 The Bishops dance the gay can-can
 Within the sad, old Vatican;
 Before the Pontiff's holy eyes
 The Cardinals, like fire-flies,
 Trip gaily to and fro.
 "I've Gladstone on the hip," quoth he,
 "It is a famous victory.
 Ye gallant Swiss, what, ho!
 Illuminate St. Peter's dome!
 A holiday proclaim to Rome!—
 My brethren, don't go."
 The Cardinals with joy distend,
 Before the Pontiff gladly bend,
 Like red bricks in a row.

FACULTY MARCH.

BY W. P. ALLEN, '80.

" Marks, marks, marks from the Faculty, marks,"
 This is the slogan of Yale ;
 This is the shingle to make their backs tingle
 And student complexions turn pale.
 Marks for the Freshman who cannot recite,
 Marks for the Sophomores who haze him at night,
 Marks for the Junior whene'er he cuts chapel,
 Marks even for Seniors—last shot of the battle.
 Yes, every man, who hath haunted these realms
 And studied four years 'neath the wide arching elms,
 Has stepped into line with the student brigade,
 Treading time to the march which the Faculty played.
 " Marks, marks, marks from the Faculty, marks,"
 Fall in line there !
 Keep time there !
 " Marks from the Faculty, marks."

" Marks, marks, marks from the Faculty, marks,"
 All booked in an orderly way,
 In strange hieroglyphic, Yale's patent physic,
 Dose given three times a day.
 We have figured this matter excessively fine,
 We can value your brains to the worth of dime,
 And though deeply you drink of this classical lore,
 We can measure each draught by our standard of
 Four.
 Two to the bumper—Three to the dig,
 And three and one-half to the best, we give

Come ye from the east or from western plains,
By this scale of Four will we measure your brains,
But whether you're ranked in rear or van,
O tread time to this tune, which your grandfathers
sang,

“ Marks, marks, marks from the Faculty, marks,”

Fall in line there!

Mark time there!

“ Marks from the Faculty, marks.”

AROUND THE FIRE.

BY E. R. JOHNES, '73.

When the cold north wind is heavy
With its freight of feathery snow,
And the leafless, shuddering branches
Toss and tremble to and fro ;

When the flying words are frozen
Ere they issue from my mouth,
Then I leave thee, frosty Farnam,
For a room in dear old South,

Where a throng of jovial fellows
Sit before the open fire ;
Watch the cheerful flames ascending,
Wreathing, curling high and higher,

Quaffing glasses of old Burton,
Moistening the " silent dust,"
Back the fleeting breath recalling
By an " animated bust."

All our hearts are warmed to music,
Petty spite and private wrong
Die away, while friendship lingers
In the cadence of our song,

True, we are a little noisy,—
He's a thief that goes by stealth,—
Who would stop the glasses clinking,
Drinking a companion's health ?

And 'tis but a superstition,
Idle folly and no more,
To object, if one for pastime
Drop a dumb-bell on the floor.

But the Faculty don't think so,
And I long for scenes more blest,
Where the tutor does not trouble,
And the bumper is at rest.

For they break our sweet communion
By a rapping at the door,
And they soothe our troubled spirits
By a dozen marks or more.

And I fear I'll get the notice
"You're conditioned in Guizot;"
Still I'll not desert the fire-place
While its ruddy embers glow.

THE ANTHEM.

BY T. R. BACON, '72.

Say, Freshman, have you ever heard
 The Christmas Anthem sung,
 When, the last Sunday of the term,
 The bell for prayers has rung?

The "snab" fill all the galleries
 In beautiful array,
 (They rose, their toilet to perfect,
 Before the break of day).

The Prex. behind the lofty desk
 Lifts up his figure slim,
 And, having read the sacred page,
 Gives out the Christmas hymn :

"Mortals, awake, and angels join
 To chant the solemn lay,'
 Beginning at the second verse;"
 And then they blaze away.

And first they lift their voices high,
 This wondrous college choir,
 And having "strung and tuned the lyre"
 They "string and tune the lyre."

And when they've "strung and tuned the lyre"
 They "string and tune the lyre,"
 And when "the lyre is strung and tuned"
 They lift their voices higher.

They rush, they roar, they scream, they howl,
 "And loud the echo rolls,
Down through the portals of the sky
 The angels fly" in shoals.

And when the inspiration sweet
 Begins to lose its fire,
They beat a masterly retreat,
 And "string and tune the lyre."

And though they leave the lyre again,
 And send forth varied tones,
Unearthly noises, loud and deep,
 And sighs, and shouts, and groans,

Back to the charge they come again,
 With hearts that never tire,
And, lifting up their sweetest strain,
 They "string and tune the lyre."

Preserve, O Freshman! these brief lines
 Until you hear the song;
Compare my story with the deed,
 And say if I am wrong.

CUPID.

BY W. K. TOWNSEND, '71.

Many a hundred years ago,
 When Constantine started to overthrow
 Of Heaven the gods, and of Earth the princes,
 With the motto of "In hoc signo vinces,"
 Jupiter, with a prophetic eye
 Reading his own harsh destiny,
 Made up his mind to retreat in good order
 Ere Constantine's cross crossed over his border.
 So one morn, as Aurora, unveiling the night
 With rosy-hued fingers, unfolded the light,
 Juno's snoring awakes him: up quickly he jumps,
 Bids Mercury don his caduceus and pumps,
 And gives him a package of letters to take,
 Which should summon a council within half a
 So Mercury carried these notes of his Pa's [shake.
 To Neptune, Apollo, lame Vulcan, and Mars,
 To Ceres, Minerva, Diana, and Venus;
 Although with the ladies, I tell you between us,—
 He lingered, as men will, their fancies to please,—
 By taking replies to Jove's R. S. V. Ps.
 So the party all got to Olympus that night,
 And took a light supper,
 Of nectar a cup or
 Of dove-borne ambrosia a bountiful bite. [placed,
 Then, while Juno went off to see where they'd be
 Old Jove seized his chance and the ladies embraced.
 [I'd forgotten to state that he summoned Miss Vesta,
 But it's needless to say that he didn't molest her.]

But when this was arranged and Night over them
 crept, [slept.
 Wrapped in Morphean dreams gods and goddesses
 "At five o'clock in the morning," although it yet was
 dark,
 The royal train, as was their wont, rose gaily with
 the lark ;
 And 'though, like Miss McFlimsey, they nothing had
 to wear,
 Unlike her, this was just the thing for which they
 'didn't care.
 But, using fig-leaves, *a la mode* in that queer age of
 fable,
 They dressed them quickly, and appeared around the
 breakfast table.
 This meal dispatched, the council met, but Jove had
 got the "blues,"
 For the "Morning Herald," just arrived, who brought
 the latest news,
 Announced that Constantine, at last, had started out
 from home,
 And, by forced marches, in a week would reach the
 walls of Rome.
 "So," said great Jove, "there's just one thing remains
 for us to do,
 And 'if 'twere well 'twere done, 'twere well it were
 done quickly,' too ;—
 'A roobe to goo invisibell' let each one of you don,
 And I'll give each some worldly goods to keep his
 eyes upon,
 Until that glorious future, when, subduing Chris-
 tianism,

We once again restore on earth the rule of Pantheism."
 Now Neptune was a boating-man and doated on
 sardines,
 Jove placed him o'er Oceanus as "captain of marines,"
 Dispatched him to his scallop-shell, with mermaids
 to make merry,
 And promised him, if things went well, a patent
 paper wherry.
 Apollo next, his handsome son, he sent the sun to
 run,
 And said "My son, now make you hay while on you
 shines the sun,
 For, when the troops of Constantine before Rome's
 walls arrive,
 I, from this Mount, shall mount the box your chariot
 to drive."
 But Mars had grown so quarrelsome his Ma's delight
 he mars
 By kicking up disturbances with her attendant stars;
 So, since she swore to mighty Jove she wouldn't have
 him 'round,
 He bade him to "vamoose the ranche," and seek
 some battle ground.
 Next Jove to Vulcan sentence gave in this right
 jovial pun,—
 "Quid Vulcan vult can Vulcan do, and so adieu, my
 son."

Jove, when he'd sent away the gods,
 The goddesses addressed;
 Quoth he, "Of all the mart affords,
 We'd give to you the best,

“But, since my realm, hung by a thread,
 No safety now enjoys,
 To you I’ll say just what I said
 When I sent off the boys.

“Let Ceres to the cornfields go,
 Vesta keep up her fire,
 Diana, taking up her bow,
 To mountain heights retire.

“Minerva, still watch over art,
 Be youth’s bright guiding star,
 But ‘maid of Athens, ere we part,’
 Embrace your fond Papa.

“Venus, with us you must remain,
 ’Though all the rest disperse;
 ’Till your spouse Vulcan comes again
 You shall be Cupid’s nurse.”

Now when this speech was taken down, and read by
 the Recorder,

The “miscellaneous business” came as the next in
 order.

The ladies all spoke up at once, but Venus got the
 floor,

And, ’mid a flood of sighs and tears, did Cupid’s fate
 deplore;

“What,” quoth she, “would you make all love a mat-
 ter of the forum,

And buy and sell our women there for their milia
 sestertiorum?

Why, 'Twere better to be a slave along with the
 barbarous Turk,
 Where women has never a soul to save,' if this is to
 be your work."
 Now who, of gods or men, could stand a pretty
 woman's tears?
 Jove yielded, and sent Venus down to calm young
 Cupid's fears.

At the foot of a mount,
 Where a crystal fount
 In its pebbly bed was dancing,
 Within the pale
 Of a wooded vale,
 Where the sun on the leaves was glancing,
 Venus found Cupid, trying his art
 At shooting his dart through an oaken heart.
 Ah Cupid! the practice you've had since then,
 Till you pierce through the stoniest hearts of men.

But Venus was sad
 As she called the lad
 And told him the mournful story,
 How the Christian band,
 With a ruthless hand,
 Were robbing the gods of their glory;
 And the love-god's tears fell thick and fast,
 For a cloud o'er his sunny life was cast.
 Ah Cupid! would that the thought of those tears
 Might teach you to pity in after years!

But when the sun
 His course had run,

And the shadows melted in night,
 When Diana unbars
 The moon and stars,
 Revealing their silver light,
 Venus went flying back to old Jove,
 Leaving poor Cupid alone in the grove.
 Ah Cupid! if you had but stayed in that spot,
 How many a heart would have been unshot!

But he, forlorn, with heavy-hanging head,
 All heedless wandered, praying Jove to pity,
 Until his footsteps near the Tiber led,
 And to the city.

The moon looked down upon a rustic bower,
 Half hid by vines in tangled masses twisting,
 Whose gnarled old branches, screened by many a
 Made place for trysting. [flower,

Cupid looked in upon a Roman maid,
 Whose hazel eyes shone out through nut-brown
 tresses;
 A Roman youth to move her heart essayed
 With soft caresses.

Quick as a flash did Cupid seize his bow,—
 Two arrows quickly through two hearts went flying.
 I tell no more. What follows none should know
 Except by trying.

But Cupid winged his way to Jove divine,
 Begged and obtained permission from that hour,
 As God of Love, to rule o'er this, Love's shrine,—
 A garden bower.

MORAL.

Vanished is the age of fable,
Buried in a mist of years.
They, who sat at Jove's great table,
Rulers in his kingdom stable,
Now are gone; and on Life's label
Cupid's name alone appears
He alone of gods has power,
Lurking hidden 'neath some flower,
Waiting in the garden bower.

So I warn each youth and maiden
With a love's young yearnings laden;
When the winds the leaves are wooing,
When your heart for love is suing,
In the moonlit evening hour,
Then, beware, lest what you're doing
You may be, at some time, rueing;
Cupid is some mischief brewing,
Lurking in some garden bower.

YE LAYE OF YE WOODPECKORE.

BY H. A. BEERS, '69.

PICUS ERYTHROCEPHALUS.

O whither goest thou, pale studént
 Within the wood so fur?
 Art on the chokesome cherry bent?
 Dost seek the chestnut burr?

PALE STUDENT.

O it is not for the mellow chestnú
 That I so far have come,
 Nor yet for puckery cherries, but
 For Cypripediúm.

A blossom hangs the choke-cherry
 And eke the chestnut burr,
 And thou a silly fowl must be,
 Thou red-head wood-peckér.

PICUS ERYTHROCEPHALUS.

Turn back, turn back, thou pale studént,
 Nor in the forest go;
 There lurks beneath his bosky tent
 The deadly mosquitó,

And there the wooden-chuck doth tread,
 And from the oak-tree's top
 The red, red squirrels on thy head
 The frequent acorn drop.

PALE STUDENT.

The wooden-chuck is next of kin
 Unto the wood-peckér :
 I fear not thine ill-boding din,
 And why should I fear her ?

What though a score of acorns drop
 And squirrel's fur be red !
 'Tis not so ruddy as thy top—
 So scarlet as thy head.

O rarely blooms the Cypripedium upon its stalk ;
 And like a torch it shines to me
 Adown the dark wood-walk.

O joy to pluck it from the ground,
 To view the purple sac,
 To touch the sessile stigma's round—
 And shall I then turn back ?

PICUS ERYTHROCEPHALUS.

O black and shining is the bog
 That feeds the sumptuous weed,
 Nor stone is found nor bedded log
 Where foot may well proceed.

Midmost it glimmers in the mire
 Like Jack o' Lanthorn's spark,
 Lighting with phosphorescent fire
 The green umbrageous dark.

There, while thy thirsty glances drink
 The fair and baneful plant,
 Thy shoon within the ooze shall sink
 And eke thine either pant.

PALE STUDENT.

Give o'er, give o'er, thou wood-peckóre ;
 The bark upon the tree
 Thou, at thy will, mayst peck and bore,
 But peck and bore not me.

Full two long hours I've searched about,
 And 'twould in sooth be rum,
 If I should now go back without
 The *Cypripediúm*.

PICUS ERYTHROCEPHALUS.

Farewell! Farewell! But this I tell
 To thee, thou pale studént,
 Ere dews have fell, thou 'lt rue it well
 That woodward thou didst went :

Then whilst thou blows the drooping nose
 And wip'st the pensive eye—
 There where the sad *Symplocarpus fætídis* grows,
 Then think—O think of I!

Loud flouted there that student wight
 Swich warninge for to hear ;
 "I scorn, old hen, thy threats of might,
 And eke thine ill grammére.

“Go peck the lice (or green or red)
 That swarm the bass-wood tree,
 But wag no more thine addled head
 Nor clack thy tongue at me.”

The wood-peck turned to whet her beak,
 The student heard her drum,
 As through the wood he went to seek
 The Cypripediúm.

Alas! and for that pale student:
 The evening bell did ring,
 And down the walk the Freshman went
 Unto the prayer-meeting;

Upon the fence loud rose the song,
 The weak, weak tea was o'er—
 Ha! who is he that sneaks along
 Into South Middle's door?

The mud was on his shoon, and O!
 The briar was in his thumb,
 His staff was in his hand, but no—
 No Cypripediúm.

TWO MOONS.

BY L. H. BAGG, '69.

The poet sat upon the fence
 One lovely night in Soph'more year :—
 The breeze was soft, the sky was clear—
 He thought no one could overhear,
 And he did thus commence :

“ Shine on, O silver-beaming Moon !
 E'en though you glow with borrowed rays :—
 No Dickerman your course delays,
 And holds you back 'until you pays,'
 As he held me this noon.

“ Shine on, O mystic-featured Moon !
 Your face I think is mostly cheek :—
 I wish I'd had it all, last week,
 When to escape a flunk in Greek
 I fell down in a swoon.

“ Shine on, O quondam-worshiped Moon !
 Your 'lay' as god was based on rock :—
 Were I as unknown in the flock
 Who run me, surely I'd be Coch,
 And doubtless take the Spoon.

“ Shine on, O ever-constant Moon !
 I love your soft, alluring light :—
 And, as I bid you now good-night,
 Rejoice to think no foe can blight
 Your glory, which will still beam bright
 When comes another June.”

The poet leaned across the fence
 One dismal night in Junior year:—
 The wind was chill, the sky was drear,
 He, careless who should overhear,
 These words did thus dispense:

“Keep dark, you flickering lunar ball!
 I now, alas! know what you are:—
 Your ugly mug I’d like to mar,
 And smear it over thick with tar,
 So you couldn’t shine at all.

“Keep dark, you pock-marked lunar ball!
 Old Tycho’s streaks please now relax,
 Remember that you can’t melt wax,
 Your horizontal parallax
 I never could recall.

“Keep dark, eccentric lunar ball!
 You doubly cursed, librating orb,
 On the blue sky a hideous daub,
 Why did you all my stand absorb,
 Which at the best was small?

“Keep dark, intemperate lunar ball!
 No water can your surface show:—
 And yet your baleful beams below
 Cause earthly tides to ebb and flow,
 To rise and then to fall.

“Keep dark, inconstant lunar ball!
 I hate your ghostly glimmering glare:—
 I now withdraw me to my lair

A skinning paper to prepare:—
To-morrow I the fates must dare,
 Inside Alumni Hall.”

The poet haunts the fence no more;
 No more the college knows his face:
 Fair Luna's course he could'nt trace;
 They therefore “sat upon his case,”
 And we his loss deplore.

The moon shines on just as before,
 Apparently all unaware
 How much it adds to student care,
 How hard it makes the Junior swear
 That annuals are a bore.

A FISH STORY.

BY H. A. BEERS, '69.

A whale of great porosity
And small specific gravity,
Dived down with much velocity
Beneath the sea's concavity.

But soon the weight of water
Squeezed in his fat immensity,
Which varied—as it ought to—
Inversely as his density.

It would have moved to pity
An Ogre or a Hessian
To see poor Spermaceti
Thus suffering compression.

The while he lay a-roaring
In agonies gigantic,
The lamp-oil out came pouring,
And greased the wide Atlantic.

(Would we'd been in the navy,
And cruising there! Imagine us
All in a sea of gravy
With billows oleagenous!)

At length old million-pounder,
Low on a bed of coral,
Gave his last dying flounder,
Whereto I pen this moral.

MORAL.

O let this tale dramatic
Anent this whale Norwegian,
And pressures hydrostatic
Warn you, my young collegian,

That down-compelling forces
Increase as you get deeper ;
The lower down your course is,
The upward path 's the steeper.

DROPPED.

[IMITATED FROM M. O'R.]

BY L. H. BAGG, '69.

Never again to the chapel
 To rush at the sound of the bell ;
 Never again in the chapel
 To turn the stealthy leaves ;
 Never again be prompted
 By the chap who could always tell ;
 Never again to dream the dream
 That college music weaves.

Never again call "Comrade"
 To the men who were comrades for years ;
 Never to hear their voices,
 Tender, or sweet, or solemn ;
 Never to be "Alumni"—
 'Tis this we think of with tears ;—
 Never, alas ! to be enrolled
 In the dazzling graduate's column.

Never again flunk Euclid,
 Or cram for an annual ex. ;
 Never again in Lyceum
 To skin the page of Puckle ;
 Never again in the mazes
 Of German our brains to vex ;
 Never again at instructor's jokes
 To solemnly smile or chuckle.

Never again pitch pennies,
 Or go with the crowd to the float;
 Never give out elections
 At the solemn midnight hour;
 Never again waste treasure
 Small prize-fights to promote;
 Never again to sit on the fence,
 That bound of our elm-clad bower.

Wretched, forlorn, and lonesome,
 The glory of life grown dim,
 Brooding alone o'er the memory
 Of the bright, glad days gone by;
 Nursing a better fancy,
 An idle, regretful whim,
 Oh, comrades, this leaving is harder—
 We know it is easy to lie!

Never again to the class room
 To rush at the sound of the bell;
 Never again in the class room
 To turn the stealthy leaves;
 Never again be prompted
 By the chap who could always tell;
 Never again to dream the dream
 That young ambition weaves.

THE HEATHEN PASSEE, OR PLAIN LAN-
GUAGE FROM TUTOR PH—LPS

“ Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark
And not always in vain,
Ye wily young Soph. is peculiar ;
The same which I rise to explain.

“ Tom Skinn was his name ;
A queer chap, I trow
In regard to the same.
Above average? No!
And his look was most always deceptive,
As I frequent remarked to Prof. Coe.

“ ’Twas on June the fourth,
And quite blue were the skies,
Which it might be inferred
That Tom Skinn was likewise.
Yet he played it that day upon P—rr—n
And me, in a way I despise.

“ I ne’er can forget
How that day at three,
A Greek paper was set
By Examiner P——
On Sophocles’ play, ‘Ed. Tyrannus,’
A subject Tom knew partially.

“ But the knowledge displayed
 By that Heathen Passeur,
 And the answers he made
 Were quite frightful to see;
 For he rapidly “shirted” the paper
 By about twenty minutes past three.

“ Then I looked up at P——,
 And he gazed upon me.
 I observed, ‘Don’t you see?’
 He replied, ‘Can it be?’
 We are fooled by this artful young person,’
 And he sent for that Heathen Passeur.

“ The scene that ensued
 Was disgraceful to view,
 For the floor it was strewed
 With a tolerable few
 Of the ‘cribs’ that Tom had been hiding
 For the subject he partially knew.

“ On the cuff of his shirt
 He had managed to get
 What we hoped had been dirt,
 But which proved, I regret,
 To be notes on the *Thespian Dramas*—
 A question invariably set.

“ In his various coats
 We proceeded to seek,
 Where we found sundry notes,

And, with sorrow I speak,
One of Bohn's publications, so useful
To the student of Latin or Greek.

“In the crown of his cap
Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map
Of the middle Greek States,
And we found in his palms which were hollow,
What are frequent in palms—that is, dates.”

SATIRE OF JUVENILE.

BY W. H. BISHOP, '67.

His staff was in his hand, upon his back
 His latest tunic; shone his sandals black
 As polished ebon; from his shoulder swung
 His frugal srip; his eyes fierce glances flung
 Before, behind; and raged his muttering tongue.
 He stood. There where tall elms o'erarch the street,
 There at the civic temple's pillared feet,
 There where alternate years law-givers meet,
 He stood and thus 'gan speak—"Since reign
 All kind of force, and fraud, and cheat, and bane,
 Within yon learned shades, no longer there
 I'll stay, nor linger longer forth to fare.
 To delve in sooty mines, to roam the sea
 Though cold it were, and rough as rough can be,
 To hoe, to spin, to sweep, to haul, to pull,
 To deal in pots and kettles, rags or wool,
 Ere to you, fickle, false, and foolish school,
 I will return, is my resolve and rule.
 My soul craves ease, still lakes beneath the moon,
 And solemn woods where leaves fall one by one,
 All still.—"Not going to leave us?" quoth a friend,
 "Thou art not going Pylades, Heaven send!"
 Yes! but I am, Orestes—Noise shall rack
 My brain no more, nor study bend my back;
 No more for me shall toot the midnight horn,
 Nor direful discord din the early morn.

What do I in the Groves? How noise is rife!
 How worse than chainéd convict's drags my life!

How thumps and bangs and roars the day affright !
 How howls and yells and hootings mar the night !
 'Tis twelve o' the clock, I burn the studious oil
 And strive to read or write. My silent toil
 Progresses fair ; bright thoughts across my brain
 Course thick and fast, as meteoric rain
 Shoots down the sky.—A hideous call of fire
 Breaks from below and knocks my fancies higher
 Than soaring kite. A hundred throats repeat the
 strain,
 And "fire! heads out!!" they shout with might and
 main.

The old brick walls in terror quake again.
 Steam engines splash and shriek till I am fain
 To stop my ears. The cause?—why none—
 The thing's a joke, Pylades, only fun.

What do I in the Groves? How faith is broke,
 How solemn oaths avail like fleeting smoke.
 "Behold!" cries one, "I vow, I swear to thee,
 So thou but plight thy troth to vote with me,
 Thou shalt Class Hist'ry have, Lit., Mag. or Spoon."
 He plights—and seeks his prize from the man i' the
 moon.

Within the Groves thrive stratagem and ruse ;
 All subterfuge and shift, all base excuse.
 Orestes cutting daily exercise
 Sails down the bay ;
 On inland, shunning sharp detector's eyes,
 Walks far away ;
 Next day
 Frames fair excuses in the usual way.

“I saw thee walk abroad,” says archon L——m,
 “Why that thou didst not leave thy room
 To me pretend?

Impend

For this offence, all pains the law doth lend.”

“One cannot leave a place unless he’s there,”

He doth reply;

“I left Euclidon’s room—not mine—I swear.

His stands close by.

Descry

The nice distinction now, with half an eye!”

“But stay!” cries Plato, “wait for cooler time!

You’re angry; there’s no reason in your rhyme.”

But, nay! good sage, I’m cool as Norway’s clime,

And I do know there’s reason in my rhyme.

I know such a voice as this:

Without, how the wild blasts of Winter

Howl through the leafless boughs

And shake in their casements the windows.

Cast down, Pylades, thy book,

And shivering turn to thy klinon.

There, whilst thou lye’st asleep

In the measureless spaces of dreaming,

And thy soul with uncertain aim

Grasps at thin visions and phantoms,

Low burns the fire in thy grate,

Smoulders and flickers and dies out.

Cold is thy chamber at dawn,

Ice is the water for washing,

Empty of money thy purse,

Empty thy closet of fuel.

Why tarry in the Groves? There are all pests
 More than obey Beelzebub's behests.
 A knock comes at my door; it opes—"fine day!
 Ole clothes to sell?" I hurl a boot straightway.
 A knock comes at my door—"me and my friend
 Walked yesterday from Thebes, and we do bend
 Beneath a weight of wounds and woe and wants,"—
 "Ye thieving scamps!" I cry, "begone! avaunt!"
 Ten thousand knocks—"I'm blind, I'm deaf, I'm dumb,
 I've broken every bone from toe to thumb;
 I've fought on land and sea; I've—" out vile scum!
 About ye hang Plutonian fumes of rum.

What should I do i' the Groves? What bores there
 dwell!

What maddening plagues, what piece-meal murderers
 fell!

Do I to Musikalen purpose to go,
 Or to behold the gladiatorial show,
 "Ha!" cries the bore, "ha! yes, I'm going too,
 About the seventh hour I'll stop for you."

Do I desire to stroll at leisure times,
 He preys on me, as on fresh verdure Hyems;
 "Stay but a moment till I bring my stick,"
 He asks, and cools my walking ardor quick.

Do I sit me down in my easy chair,
 Secure in my lofty four-flight stair,
 And grasp my book, to sling things,
 He enters then
 To borrow a pen,
 He'd raise the ire of the mildest of men.
 He sits and clacks like a China hen,

From quarter after the chime of ten
 Till five minutes before the bell rings.
 I vainly fume and rage, rip tear and swear ;
 Oh! why, Politeness, must men such ills bear ?
 Again, with studious mind, I read at night,
 Soft radiance throws my kerosenium light.
 Pop! splutter! pop! red glare and sudden dark,
 The trait'rous lamp gives up its vital spark.
 Ho! chum, the can! 'tis brought; I gently pour,
 With careful hand, its contents—on the floor.
 Now fire the wick. All's well. Not so, vain man—
 Smash goes the chimney, clatter goes the can,
 Crash goes the table down; thick streams of oil
 My parchment soak and my best tunic soil,
 The bare remembrance makes my blood to boil.

Naught, naught of good is found where'er one roves.
 How glibly Glycon doth his task repeat,
 With open book behind the friendly seat.
 How bold Orontes marks the chalky board,
 Who 'neath his coat hath ready parchment stored.
 Oh! I could rage for hours—but see the car
 Roll rumbling on, that comes to bear me far,
 Th' impatient driver becks—Farewell ye Groves!

A DREAM.

The moon was sailing overhead,
The clock was striking three,
And I was sailing up the Green,
As gay as I could be.

The stairs came tumbling up my feet,
And, quite to my surprise,
My room came tumbling down the stairs,
Right in my face and eyes.

I broke my knee across a chair,
My head against the wall;
A brighter light shone round about
Than e'er saluted Paul.

My boots, I could not leave my boots
On such a dirty floor,
I tucked them in between the sheets,
And soon my cares were o'er.

I slept. A thousand Bengal lights
Danced round my red hot table,
On which ten thousand little imps
Were raising perfect Babel.

And soon they spied my beaver hat,
I gave it up for lost;
At every kick it withered like
A squash-vine after frost.

I halloed for the Riot Act,
 Whereat a giant sprite
 Came burning through the wall and dragged
 Me out into the night.

Away now on plumbago wings,
 With platinum for hinges,
 The Goblin quietly remarked,
 "Cast-iron always sings."

Two million leagues from Mercury,
 We met, and passed as soon,
 A car load of philosophers,
 With tickets for the moon.

A billion kilometres on,
 I'll stake my word upon it,
 A crowd of little Mercurites
 Were kicking round a comet.

Now just before us glared the Sun,
 Its mountains smoking hot,
 With herds of roasted cattle
 In every steaming lot.

The Goblin took one eyeball out,
 With fire-clay filled the socket,
 And twitching off an arm and leg,
 He stuffed them in his pocket.

And then he swore a fiery oath,
 It only *cooled* his tongue,
 The spittle in "spheroidal state,"
 That round his palate swung,

Burst in a cloud of scalding steam,
His iron form was riven,
Down, down through retrograding stars,
Through all the host of Heaven,

Thro' all the sea of molecules,
With horrid speed we dropped,
Through forty miles of atmosphere;
And, as we nearly stopped,

I laughed for joy. Of course it was
An end of gravitation,
And straightway in centrifugal,
Centripetal saltation,

We whirled about the globe, until
The fragments of his bones
Were scattered in Kentucky,
In a shower of iron stones.

And when I took another turn
Around this earthly ball,
I fell with a tremendous thwack
Against the college wall.

I rubbed my eyes, and shouted out,
"Chum, didn't something fall?"
He just looked over from the bed,
And grinned—and that was all.

THE SWEEP'S DEFENSE.

I find a deep and widely-spread opinion
 Which puts our guild beneath the public ban,
 A college-sweep is nothing but a minion,
 A small-type man.

What madness strange those editors has hit,
 That they all flap their wings and chirp and twitter?
 Their business is to manage the Yale Lit.,
 Mine the Yale litter.

My honest heart could never have mistrusted
 That folks would be so insolently free,
 That when they found their sofas were not dusted,
 They'd sit on me.

Young gentlemen, when you complain the sweep
 Takes absolutely no dirt from your room,
 One sad and mournful fact you overleap;
 He swallows some.

Endow for us some new professorship;
 Before our eyes set some bright expectation,
 For always better far than spur or whip
 Is emulation.

If they could make a Doctor Musicus,
 To keep his talents great from rusting,
 Why can't they choose a new D. D. from us,
 Doctor of Dusting?

OLD ENGLISH MS.

[From an old English MS. found while digging the foundations of the Peabody Museum, and supposed to have been written in the days of Abraham Pierson.]

The freshe satt him glad enow' in Eurick stret to
mete,

Tho' thritti sophees on hine kal' ant asken forte
trete;

Thereto ha seth, "ichabbe noght' spondulikes forte
don it,

Ac, tho ichadde, ik can ne tel' hou that y mote con it,
For resun whilk y moght shelowt,' or ther mote
be the nede

That ichul take the doun toun' forte kreem and ois-
ters fede."

The sophees eghe blinketh blythe' ac til hine tho he
sede,

"Bot thou wilt quic to Redklife gon' ichwolla the
in bedde

Ful semely putte & wyt sissors' wul shriven wel
thin hedde.

Tho wend alonn nou straight wyt' ous ant maketh
noght delay,

For, an thu donne, y telle her' thult ferely rue the
day."

Thereto the freshye maketh word' that he wul nevere
donne,

Nor pledge hym, nor moght be wroght' te Reddecliffe
te gonne.

Thes sophes tho, right son enow', hym toke fro hys
, fettes,

And fro his legges pulland beth' his breetsches, to
 the stretes
 Cumanden ha shul gon er lang' or elles straitway
 gett up
 & down to Reddeclife's hym ladde' an to kreem and
 oisters sett up.
 That freshye thereon chaunged his wyt; he cud non
 elles don,
 Ant lad thos sophyes wid him nou' to Reddecliffe's
 to gon.
 So freshees dere, the moreail' Ichwolle tellen yo,
 Whan thritti sophies segh, "sett up," hit better beth
 to go.

SYMPTOMS.

I have a friend who is ailing,
 And what can the matter be?
 His appetite fast is failing,
 And he dines upon toast and tea;
 His cheeks are thinning and paling
 To the hue of a pod of a pea.

He mopes through the recitation,
 Till he's called upon to speak,
 When he muddles his mensuration,
 And murders his Latin and Greek.

The tutor looks up from his pages
 To see what the man can mean,
 For when asked what the Golden Age is,
 He stammers, "She's just eighteen."

He takes no thought for his linen,
 He towzles his flowing hair,
 And I really think he's beginning
 To be careless, with wonderful care.

He takes no pains with his necktie,
 And must be demented, alas!
 For only to-day I suspect I
 Caught him before the glass.

And why should he stand there and simper,
 Since he comes away again
 Looking neglected and limper
 Than a rooster in the rain?

He has bought "Aids to Composition,"
 For the *synonymes* he said,
 But the edge has a dark partition,
 Which shows 'tis the rhymes that are read.

While poring away like a Hindoo
 On his book, he will make a break
 Over table and chairs for the window,
 At the risk of his precious neck.

I look in vain for the reason,
 No hand-organ draweth nigh,
 Not a circus has passed this season
 Where that maiden is tripping by.

He slouches his hat like a bandit,
 Deep scowls his forehead mar;
 He takes long walks in the moonlight,
 And lessons upon the guitar.

He never attempts to be funny,
 As he used to do of yore;
 He doesn't borrow your money,
 And yet he's a terrible bore;

For he comes to your room of an evening
 And reads you about the "glades,"
 And all his "dove"-ing and "love"-ing,
 Till you curse the "Parker's Aids."

He has taken to reading Byron,
 And hating his fellow-man,
 (Tho' I doubt if his fellow-women

Would all come under the ban,)
And he marks the lines to a Siren,
And places in Don Juan.

One day I ventured to ask him,
When he seemed to be in pain,
If he didn't think 't was his stomach.—
I don't think I'll ask again.

His cheeks will never be fatter,
Nor turn from their pea-pod hue,
Nor the scowls from his forehead scatter
Till we can discover the clue
To what in the world is the matter,—
I can't imagine, can you?

APPRAISALS.

My bills are out, like canker worms
 They swarm on every tree,
 Issued regardless of expense,
 Their imprint C. C. C.
 Keeping my room from morn till eve
 I find a fearful bore;
 It's strange that there has been no rush
 To buy at 64.

My carpet's faded, and perhaps
 Some holes you might espy,
 To count the stains and spots of ink
 I any one defy;
 But age enhances price sometimes,
 No carpet ever wore
 Like this,—it goes for twenty-five—
 'Twas new in '64.

My bed's superb, it has a way,
 Well, every week or so,
 Of breaking down, a pleasant fact
 I'm not supposed to know;
 Elysian dreams it will afford;
 Go search the college o'er,
 Twelve dollars will not buy a bed
 Like this in 64.

I'll take six dollars for my lamp,
 That's low enough I guess,
 It sometimes shows suspicious signs
 Of bursting I confess.

I shouldn't wonder if the man
 Who bought it wildly swore,
 And used harsh language of the chap
 Who lived in 64.

And that cigar-stand, seems to me,
 At five is not too dear,
 I took it from a man we hazed
 First term of Sophomore year.
 If he should come to buy it back,
 By George! how I should roar!
 Perhaps he'll find some other things
 Of his in 64.

My book-case I'm afraid is not
 Black walnut through and through;
 But as an escritoir 't will pass,
 These English words won't do.
 It cost me fifty, but I think
 It ought to bring me more,
 I'm so attached to it you know!
 We'll call it 64.

The bottom of that rocking-chair
 Will last a month, we'll say;
 I hope the fellow won't grow fat
 Who carries it away.
 This scuttle, I believe, is owned
 By some one on this floor;
 No one has claimed it, so 'twill have
 To sell from 64.

This bracket's cracked, but at the least
Five dollars ought to bring,
The fellow said, when it was bought,
That it was "quite the thing."
To throw good furniture away
In this style grieves me sore,
But Oh, how welcome cash would be
To us in 64!

Brown's sofa paid his bill at Hoad.'s,
And Black has sold his stove
And taken out a pretty girl
To drive to Morris Cove.
Freshmen, I'm getting desperate,
Wide open stands my door,
Come view the shocking sacrifice
Up here in 64!

THE COLLEGE GHOST.

A LEGEND OF OLD SOUTH MIDDLE.

BY D. L.

By the flickering light of a fluid lamp
 A freshman sat in his room so damp,
 But his lesson was a damper,
 Studying out how the Roman Camp
 Had been lorded over by many a scamp
 Who made their enemies scamper.
 The rain poured without while he pored within,
 The elements made a most fearful din,
 Like ten thousand gongs for dinner,
 When he heard a step on the college walk,
 Like the step of a ghostly walker,
 And at his door he heard a knock,
 Like the rap of a ghostly knocker ;
 For the knock was hollow upon the door,
 And hollow the step on the entry floor,
 As if made by bones and nothing more.

“ Who comes there at this time of night ? ”
 The freshman queried in pale affright,
 While the hair of his head stood bolt upright,
 And he felt quite blue as he turned quite white.
 No answer ; but bump
 On the door came a thump,
 As much as to say : “ No lingo !
 Open your door
 Without a word more,
 Or I’ll break it down, by jingo ! ”

The freshman reluctantly turned the key,
 Expecting a sophomore gang to see,
 Who, with faces masked and bangers stout,
 Had come resolved to smoke him out,
 And give him a puff he could do without.
 So he turned the bolt with fear and gloom,
 But sophomores bolt not into the room.

But instead, a woful vision
 Smote upon his startled sight ;
 In the darkness of the entry
 Stood a shape most thin and white,
 Showing all its ghastly grinness
 On the bosom of the night :
 Dimly through its form transparent
 Shone the freshman's fluid light,
 And the hair stood stiff and straighter
 On the fear-bewildered wight.
 "Who art thou," he faintly uttered,
 "Coming in this mournful plight?"
 And the figure dimly muttered—
 What I very soon shall write,
 In the next verse you shall see it,
 Read it slowly—read it right.

"I am not the ghost of biped,
 Trampling over the stones,
 As soon thou wilt discover
 By the hide on my bones ;
 In my extremity
 I come to thee ;
 At my extremity,
 Thou wilt see

A long and stern tail;
 Keep thy serenity,
 Nor let thy lips turn pale.

“ I am a college pony,
 Coming from a junior’s room;
 The ungrateful wretch has cast me
 Forth to wander in the gloom.
 Though I bore him safe through Horace,
 Saved him from the flunkey’s doom,
 Now biennial is over,
 He, instead of oats and clover,
 Will not grant me e’en a tomb.
 While I wander here unburied
 I am in a dreadful fix,
 For I never can be ferried
 O’er the deep and muddy Styx.
 As I am old and spavin-kneed,
 I thy help most sorely need.
 Lay me low in Tutor’s Lane;
 I will bear thee there with speed,
 Caring not for wind and rain.”

The freshman heard and saw his tale;
 He bestrode the back of the form so pale,
 Although it was sharp, like the edge of a rail,
 And the speed of the Pale Horse never did fail,
 Till he reached the middle of Tutor’s Lane,
 Where the freshman dug, in the midst of the rain,
 A grave for the Pony with might and main.
 (There’s a fine chance to pun with “rain” and
 “main.”)

He dug the grave, and he laid him low

Where the sweet May-flowers in their beauty grow ;
 And the winds of winter wildly rave,
 Over the place of the Pony's grave.
 He planted above him a white pine board,
 And on it these words he rudely scored :

EPITAPH.

“This grave is unworthy to hide
 His hide who traveled rough roads ;
 He ne'er was translated, but died
 Translating old Horace's Odes.

“Here he lies past the doctor's art,
 Tread gently, and leave him alone ;
 The remains of what may have been Smart,
 Although it was *skin* and Bohn !”

RECIPE FOR CHEMICAL LECTURE.

BY N. W. T. ROOT, '52.

Take about two dozen girls,
 Some with smooth hair, *one* with curls;
 Take the senior class of college,
 Some making love, some getting knowledge;
 Sixteen interesting meds.,
 With dirty hands and towzled heads;
 A scholar of the house; three "labs.,"
 With legs and feet curled up like crabs;
 A table with a monstrous sink in it,
 Bell-glasses and a lot of drink in it;
 One expert and wise Professor,
 And an everlasting mess o'
 Bottles, flasks, and champagne glasses;
 And Weld, the jovial Yale Agassiz;
 Mix these up as I direct you,
 And you will have a chemic lecture.

Bubble, bubble!
 Single, double!
 Toil and trouble!
 Tighten this!
 Slacken that!
 Whiten this!
 Blacken that!

Let this corrode!
 Let that explode!
 Mingle the single ones!

Trouble the double ones!

“Robert! come here!”

“Robert! go there!”

Let this be upheld,

Let that be withheld,

“Take this, Mr. Weld!”

“Take that, Mr. Weld!”

Bubble! bubble!

Bubbling—bubbling—

Toil and trouble!

Toiling—troubling.

Mix like this and I expect you

'L get a comic chemic lecture!

HOW TIM CARROLL DID THE DEVIL.

BY THE SOUTH MIDDLE BARD.

FYTTE 1.

There can't be the slightest doubt
 That Ireland's a very cute nation;
 Although its elbows are somewhat out,
 And though it lies a trifle without
 The pale of civilization.

Now, in Ireland there is a certain place
 Called the County of Londonderry,
 Since Harry the Eighth's time, who, "by God's grace,"
 With his golden sceptre and brazen face,
 Has long crossed the Stygian ferry.
 A singular place, *me judice*,
 This county is understood to be;
 Where never a dun,
 Or a pointless pun,
 Or a clouded sun,
 Or a whole pair of breeches you 're likely to see.

And within the said county's boundary line,
 In the year eighteen hundred and thirty-nine,
 A certain wight,
 Tim Carroll hight,
 Was absolute master, "by grace divine,"
 Of a mud-walled shebeen,
 And a jug of poteen,
 And a ragged caubeen,
 And a bin full of "pratees," undoubtedly fine;
 Not to mention a pig, who supported himself

By wandering in search of all edible pelf;
 As free as his master, except when some pound
 Enclosed him by chance in its magical round.
 But as Tim is my hero, 't were fit I relate
 His "circumstance" at the above-mentioned date.

One fine evening late,

Or at half past eight,

At a door which looked conveniently towards the
 south,

Tim Carroll sat,

With his ragged hat

On his head, and himself rather "down in the mouth."

Scarce so much of a wonder

As mid-winter thunder,

(Vide Scott's Cyclopædia, page fifty-eight,)

For his pig and potatoes had gone, that same day,

Sundry heavy arrears of old rent to pay;

And not e'en a "thirteen's" enlivening weight

His pocket stretched—as for getting well drunk,

"Nothing sobers a man so completely as *funk*."

What Timothy's thoughts were, I really can't say,

Though perhaps some ubiquitous reader may,

But I humbly opine,

They were scarce as divine

As my friend Mr. King has portrayed Anastatius';

But bordering, rather,

On what Doctor Mather,

In his villainous French, would have termed *a la
 dessus*.

He gazed on the rush-dip's flickering light

With a sorrowful groan,

And murmured "Och hone!

I could sell my soul to the Devil this night !”

Lo! ere the last word

Was well uttered, he heard

An approaching sound of footsteps nigh ;

And, before his sight,

As he gazed in affright,

Stood a queer looking chap with a twinkling black
eye!

With a gaping stare

At the stranger there,

Tim fain would speak, the moment he sees it,

But he struggles in vain, *vox in faucibus hæsit.*

The stranger first

The silence burst :

“ Well, here is ‘ the Devil, ’ my good friend Tim,

Very much at your service, how like you him ? ”

In a shocking scare,

With uplifted hair ;

Tim Carroll uttered,

Or rather, stuttered,

What he doubtless meant to pass for a prayer :

“ *Sathan,— sanctissime,*

Credo—purissime,”

But, alas! was obliged to finish there.

From beneath his coat, old Harry drew

A long-necked bottle of transparent hue ;

And after a good deal of tugging un’neath,

He managed to draw out the cork with his teeth ;

Then said, with his sly and peculiar wink,

“ There ’s as nate stuff, Tim Carroll, as iver you ’ll
drink.”

Tim would have refused,

But the odor diffused

So seducingly under his nose, that the draught,
Aut vblens, aut nolens, was eagerly quaffed.

Such heavenly liquor Tim never had drank!

Again was it set to his lips, and fast sank.

With expression queer,

Betwixt a leer

And sarcastic sneer,

The Devil spoke: "Is it real poteen?"

"Och," responded Tim, "sure the like was ne'er
 seen."

"Then perhaps you'd be pleased, if a cask of the same
 Every month in the year to your cabin came."

"I'd be a baste,

Or a fool at laste,

To refuse such a present," retorted Tim.

"Then listen, my boy, I've a trifling whim,

The which, if you've no great objection to please,

For ten years henceforward you'll live at your ease;

Provided you'll sign an agreement in full,

When the term has expired, to *yield me your soul*.

My dear Mr. Carroll, I beg you wont storm,

I assure you, 'tis only a matter of form;

For if I shouldn't *take* you,

As *post obit.* pelf,

You 're morally certain

To *come of yourself*.

Altogether, it's absurd to cut any capers.

Pass the bottle, your health. And now sign the
 papers."

Tim Carroll looked black and Tim Carroll looked
 blue,

Like a Port Royal lobster his face changed its hue,

And, as he reflected, uneasier grew ;
His position was ticklish he very well knew.

He looked at Old Nick,
And he looked at his stick—

'Twas *vulgo*, “a stick”—*Hibernice*, “shillala.”

But he felt a strange dread
Of cracking *that* head,

Though feats of that nature accustomed to daily.
The bargain seemed tempting, why shouldn't he
strike it?

But the Devil smiled strangely, Tim didn't quite
like it ;

He gave his *os frontis* a dubious poke,
And in great botheration thus outspoke :

“What you say, Mr. Lucifer, sounds very well,
But I don't so much fancy a roasting in h—l.

Though your honor may think my unwillingness
shammed,

I feel no remarkable wish to be d—d.

To be plain with your highness, the lease must be
longer,

Though I don't greatly care that the liquor be
stronger.”

The Devil looked grim
As he listened to Tim :
“You spalpeen,” quoth he,
“This language to *me*,

Than whom you ne'er had a more trustworthy friend !
Whatever in reason

You'd have, ask in season,

I can't remain long, for my time 's near an end.

I must shortly be off to a nice little supper,

Graced by the presence of most of the upper
 Ten thousand of Hades—a pie of baked Jews,
 And a delicate steak from our Irish Lord H.
 Belphegor and Mammon will quarrel, no doubt,
 For precedence, if I should much longer be out ;

Then that old witch, Astarte,
 For a row is quite hearty.

At the end of your term you may search as you
 please,

And if you can find any flaw in the lease,
 I'll solemnly swear to resign every claim
 That I hold on your soul." "And the *whisky* the
 same?"

"Of course." "Done, old gentleman, there is my
 name."

Old Nick upreared,

And, at the last chime of the midnight bell,
 'Mid a flash and a smoke, and a shocking bad smell,
 Through the floor disappeared !

For ten years thenceforward, 'twas sworn to by all
 That Tim Carroll had met with some lucky windfall.
 Not a spade would he touch, not an axe in his fist
 Was e'er seen, or a yard of "best superfine twist ;"
 But was there a wedding, a dance, or a fair,
 Tim Carroll was morally sure to be there.
 With the men he would drink, with the girls he
 would toy,

And by all was acknowledged "the broth of a boy."
 Still himself he enjoyed on the fat of the land :
 Had always a "thrench-full" of "murphies" on hand,
 And a jug of the clearest and strongest poteen,
 The envy of every surrounding shebeen.

If questions were asked, he'd reply with a wink,
 "Sorra one o' me cares. But, come boys and let 's
 drink."

 This was strange, no doubt,
 None could make it out,
 Though canvassed repeatedly under the rose
 The result was the same
 To which every one came—
 That our worthy friend Tim "was confoundedly
 close."

FVTE II.

 Now in due course of time,
 And, *equaliter*, rhyme,
 As my readers will graciously please to observe,
 Ten years have passed
 Like all things, at last,
 And Tim grows remarkably full of nerve.
 His brains he racked,
 His invention cracked,
 And his brow wore various sombre shades,
 As he thought of a berth
 Below the earth,
 In that place which Lempriere denominates "Hades."
 But at last the dreaded hour came,
 And at eleven, one night, you might see by the flame,
 As Tim sat by his fire, that the very same
 Rum looking old chap, with the very same wink,
 Was leering on Tim, whose complexion, once pink,
 Or carbuncular rather, had now grown as pale
 As ever a rowdyish son of old Yale
 On the morn after tipping three gallons of ale.

The clock struck Twelve! and fearfully broke
The sound on Tim's ear, as old Nicholas spoke.

“Now, my boy, you 're mine,
Nor think I'll resign

My claim, for aught earthly or heavenly power;
Come along, you thief,
And none of your grief,

I'm d—d if I give you another hour.

Do you see that candle”—his finger came
Towards a little rush-dip, whose wavering flame
Was scarcely an inch from the socket spout:

“I'll give you the time till that candle's burnt out.”

Tim sprang to his feet, as a glorious thought
On his senses flashed,

At the candle dashed,

And with one hand held, while the other caught
At the family Bible under the eaves,

Hid the bit of old candle between the leaves,

And sat down on the book

With exulting look.

“Now, you spalpeen, break your own word if you
You must keep without [dare!

Till the candle's burnt out,

And sorra a light shall ever come there.”

'Twere vain to relate

How the Devil swore;

'Twas worth an exchange with the “Second Eight”

To have heard the uproar;

With fury undamped

He raved and stamped;

Around he dashed,

And his flanks he lashed

With his tail—he was “neither to haud nor to hold,”
 As he thought how his victim
 In esse, had nicked him ;
 And, despite of his cunning, felt neatly “sold.”
 A flash and a smoke
 From nose and mouth broke,
 With a *par derrière* poke
 Very far from a joke
 But *mal. pre.*, per Lord Coke.
 Yet a denser cloud from his nostrils rolled,
 And through the floor
 With a parting roar
 He sank as the hour of one was tolled.

MATHEMATICAL LOVE SONG.

BY F. J. KINGSBURY, '46.

The *cone* of my affections, Love,
 Hath found a *base* in thee ;
 The *square* of joy if thou'dst *complete*
 Add but thy smiles to me.
 If I were skilled in *figures*, Love,
 Or could use *symbols* well,
 I'd raise a *Pyramid* of praise,
 Where all thy charms should dwell.
 The *total sum* of happiness
 Is *equal*, dear, to thee ;
 But if I'm *minus* thy sweet smiles,
 The world is *nought* to me.
 Let not the *line* of all my life
 Run *parallel* to thine ;
 But in that blissful *angle* meet,
 Where Hymen is the *sine*.
Let endless circles represent
 My constancy to you,
 And *series infinite* of years
 Shall *prove* my love is true.
 The *cube* of happiness, whose *root*
 I see in *thee* alone,
Equals the highest power of Love
 Divided among *one*.
 Oh, I am that *divisor*, Love,
 The *quotient* is for thee ;
 And we'll, together *multiplied*,
 Love to *infinity*.

Would! would that I of *boundless* love
 The *Logarithm* knew!
 For *natural numbers* can't express
 The *half* I feel for you.
 If thou'lt *approximate* to me,
 I'll leap not to despair,
 Describing a *parabola*
 Through *boundless fields* of air.
 But troubles shall in *tangents* fly
 Beyond the farthest *pole* ;
 Oh thou *perimeter* of hope,
 And *segment* of my soul! '

N. B. Shouldst thou my *proposition* scorn,
 With hempen *line* I'll dangle ;
 And howling winds shall waft the sighs
 Of thine own

GEORGE TRIANGLE—Q. E. D.

